

The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

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GREAT C.N. SHAKESPEARE SCHEME

See
Pages
10 and 11

FELIX OSWALD'S REMARKABLE FEAT THE SPIRIT NOTHING COULD HOLD BACK

Book With the Names of Roman
Potters and Their Workshops

FOSSIL AT SCHOOL, AND WHAT
HE HAS DONE SINCE HE LEFT

Some fifty years ago there was a schoolboy so interested in geology that his companions called him Fossil.

He entered the Civil Service and spent his leisure in pursuit of his hobby. In 1898 he investigated the geology of Armenia, bringing home copious notes and sketches.

He determined to use this knowledge to win the degree of Doctor of Science at London University, but the expense of supplying the printed essay required by the examiners stood in his way until he resolved to set up the type and print the work with his own hands.

A Stupendous Task

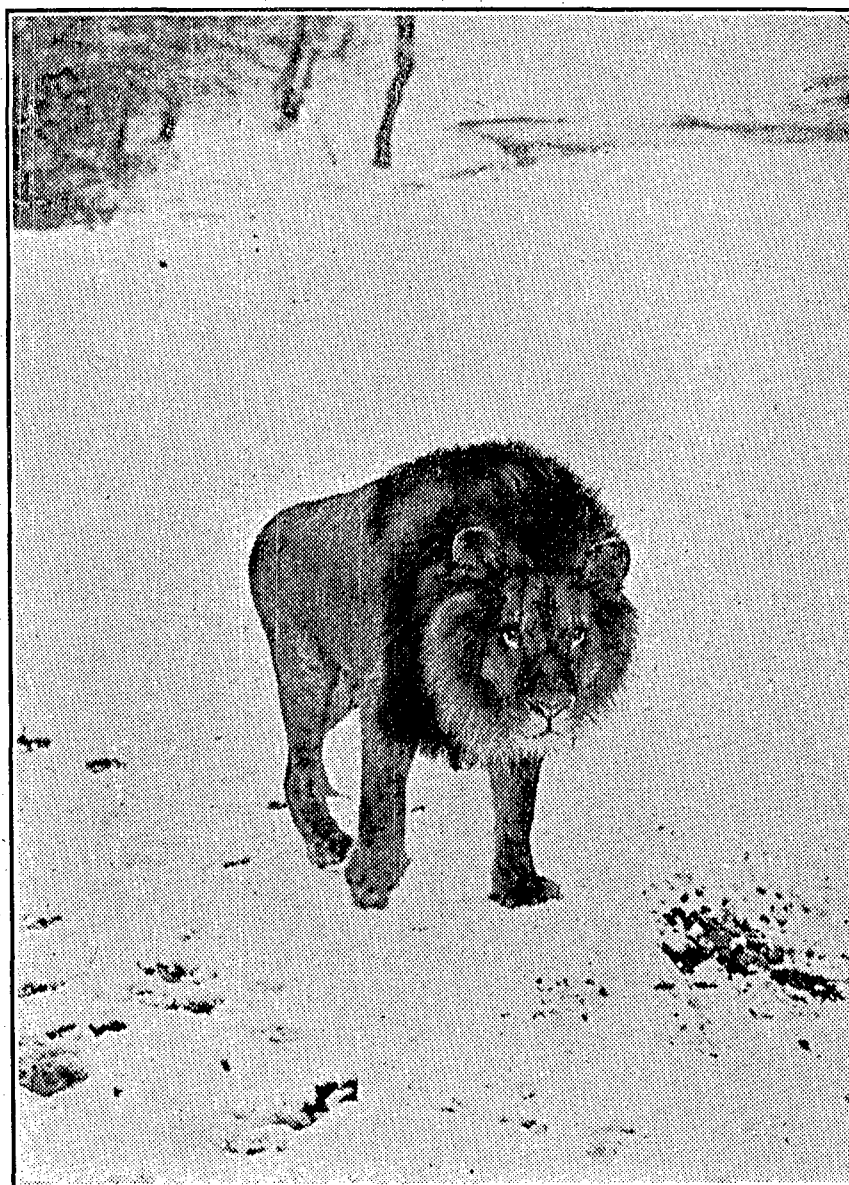
By 1906, this stupendous task was finished, and one day the heads of the university sent for him, addressed him as Dr Felix Oswald, and loaded him with congratulations on the quality of his work and his perseverance.

Other geological expeditions he made to the East and to Africa, but he had also a new hobby. His official duties had taken him to Nottingham, where he investigated the Roman Camp of Margidunum. Few Roman sites in Britain fail to reveal some of that provincial red-glazed pottery popularly called Samian Ware, which antiquaries term Terra Sigillata. This ware was imported during the first two centuries from Gaul and the valley of the Rhine. The vessels are mostly saucers, basins, and bowls decorated with friezes of gods, birds, beasts, sphinxes, centaurs, and so on; and they are often stamped with the maker's name, usually inside on the bottom of the vessel, but occasionally on the outside.

His Own Printer

It is the idea of the names of these potters of about 2000 years ago that has now fascinated Dr Oswald. In 1915, with Dr Davies Pryce, he wrote a book on Samian Ware which became indispensable for all students of Roman Britain, but he felt that this work needed a complete index of all the known names of the potters, with the types of pottery they made and the places where they worked. He set to work to compile such an index, but was unable to find a publisher for so expensive a work of reference. Had he been living in the days when rich merchants and cultured Romans built and adorned their villas in Britain and Gaul, a work of this kind would have doubtless found a ready market, but today students of this Roman ware are few, and only a limited

In England's Countryside



This impressive gentleman is not in Africa, but is taking a quiet walk in the loveliest countryside on Earth, our own. He is one of the regular inhabitants at Whipsnade.

number of such a volume can be sold. Undaunted by this fact, Dr Oswald apparently bethought him of his own achievement thirty years ago and determined to be his own printer once again, this handsome book of 450 pages being the result. It is called Stamps on the Sigillata, and is published by Dr Oswald himself at 36s.

It is a monument of painstaking activity, which has come into being in spite of the fact that Dr Oswald has all the time been discharging the duties of Probate Registrar at Nottingham. Dr Oswald and his son have scoured the country and visited our principal museums and collections, as well as museums abroad, carefully transcribing every mark on every piece of this red-glaze pottery they could find. They have traced the pieces to the potteries and have run to earth the potters.

Each entry in the book gives first the name of the potter, where his workshop was situated, and the Roman emperor, during whose reign he worked; then,

letter by letter, each of his inscriptions, with the type of vessel he made, where it was discovered, where it can be seen, and the workshop from which it sprang.

It was a remarkable task for any man to undertake, bringing together a wonderful record of those hives of industry which sent beauty all over Gaul and across the Channel to these islands, and perpetuating for all time the names of the men of Gaul and their neighbours who moulded those patterns and figures which tell us so much of the culture the Romans spread in their dominions.

Dr Oswald lives on the site of the Roman settlement at Margidunum, and his little printing-press stands over the place where the Romans stood and admired their handsome ware. Little did those connoisseurs at Margidunum guess, as they spelled out the names on their ware, that every name on every surviving vessel would be assembled there by the hand of one man nearly 2000 years after they and their vaunted civilisation had passed away.

WORLD TRADE WAR LAY DOWN YOUR ARMS

The Word For the Great
Conference of the Nations

ECONOMIC DISARMAMENT

Although the momentous World Economic Monetary Conference will not meet until next month the nations have appointed a Preparatory Commission of experts to consider a programme.

The Commission has reported, and the way is so much clearer for those who hope that the Conference will end in the nations signing a really useful Treaty of Trade Peace.

As things are, we have the nations not only in arms in a military sense, but also armed against each other's trade with tariff and exchange restrictions, with debts, and with monetary barriers. What we want is not only military disarmament but trade disarmament.

A Grave Warning

The Commission gravely warns the world of the necessity for urgent action, reminding us that the world's unemployed probably number 32 millions, that wholesale prices are now about a third less than in 1929, that the world is accumulating stocks of materials which rot for want of use, that production has everywhere been cut down, and that world trade has been so mangled by Government action and money disorders that international trade is now only about a third of what it was three years ago.

The Commission boldly says that the necessary programme is one of Economic Disarmament and demands what it properly calls a Treaty of Peace. Failure at the Conference, it suggests, would endanger the world's social system.

The War Debts are denounced as an insuperable barrier. Unfortunately, however, the consideration of War Debts was not charged upon the Commission, which can only report its strong opinion that world recovery is impossible unless the debts are cleared out of the way.

World Money Standard

An efficient world money standard, the Commission says, must be secured. It favours the gold standard, but recognises that the nations which have abandoned it have the right to ask for effective conditions.

As to prices the Commission is urgent that measures should be taken to counteract the fall, and recommends a "general policy of easy money."

As for restrictions of trade the Commission is all for sweeping them away to the greatest possible extent.

By way of an agenda the report recommends this programme: Money and Credit policy, Prices, Resumption of the movement of capital, Restrictions on international trade, Tariff and commercial treaty policy, Organisation of trade and production.

AMERICA OVERRULES THE PRESIDENT INDEPENDENCE FOR THE FILIPINOS

Full Freedom For Asiatic Possessions

GREAT WORK FOR CIVILISATION

At a time when the eyes of the whole world are turned toward the Far East an event has taken place at Washington which may have far-reaching effects in the China Seas.

The American Congress has defied the advice of President Hoover and his Secretary of State, Mr Stimson, and by two-thirds majorities in both Houses has carried a Bill offering independence to the Philippines.

The Proposals of Congress

Under this Bill the Philippine Legislature must summon a Convention to draft a Constitution, which must be approved by a plebiscite of their people and by the President of the United States. For ten years thereafter an American High Commissioner will replace the present Governor-General and have more limited powers over the new Philippine Legislature.

The American Supreme Court will still review certain law cases and the American Administration will still supervise foreign affairs and control the military forces of the islands. Among other changes immigration will be regulated and quotas will restrict the duty-free imports from the islands into the States. During the last five years of the period the Philippine Government is given the power of levying export taxes up to 25 per cent of the American tariff, and when the hour of complete independence strikes free trade with the United States will terminate. Yet by this Bill America retains the right to keep naval and military stations on the islands, in spite of the curious promise she makes that she will try to persuade all nations to regard them as neutral!

Strong Popular Movement

Two factors have led to this new attitude of America toward her most distant possession. First her own economic difficulties have made her more and more jealous of the competition of Philippine labour and goods, the sugar interests in particular having been very clamant. Secondly, there is a strong popular movement among the Filipinos for independence, their leader being Senator Manuel Querson, and American sentiment has ever favoured political freedom wherever possible.

To understand the position we must look at our history books. Magellan himself was the first European to anchor his ship in a harbour of the 3000 islands of the Archipelago. He met his death there, and about 50 years later Spain took possession of the group, which, as few people realise, are bigger than our British Isles and now have a fifth of our population.

A Native Patriot

Except for two years when we held them, Spain ruled the islands till 1898, though she never really succeeded in subduing some of their fierce tribes in the mountainous interior.

In 1898, a native patriot, Aguinaldo, was waging war against the Spanish rulers, whose oppressive yoke was a byword even then.

In 1898 the American fleet sailed into Manila and sent the Spanish fleet to the bottom; but when the war was over America, reluctant to infringe her Monroe Doctrine, paid Spain £4,000,000 for the Philippines, and started out to civilise them. Aguinaldo turned his guns on the deliverers, for independence was still his aim, but in 1901 he sub-

A NEW SORT OF PARLIAMENT Mussolini's Idea

Signor Mussolini has apparently decided to take the final step in changing the character of the Italian State.

Already the members of the Italian Parliament have become, in effect, a nominated list, settled by Fascist authority, for which the Italian voter is asked to vote for or against.

The change contemplated is that the great Italian Corporations (of which we speak on page 12) will, by sending representatives to Parliament, become the actual political constituencies.

If this is brought about, the Italian Parliament will become a Guild Parliament, and all parliamentary representatives will be in a strict sense national parliamentarians.

The Italian Guilds are charged with the responsibility of relating work to the worker and of relating industry and trade to social life.

THE OLD PARSON CARRIES ON

Only the other day we told of a laundress who downed tools at 82 because she thought it was time to have a rest; and now we hear of a clergyman who thinks that just before ninety is a good retiring age.

He is Rev Linton Wilson, an old headmaster, who was ordained sixty years ago and has just left the rectory of Rumburgh in Suffolk, where he had three churches under his care. He used to preach in them all each Sunday, tricycling from one to the other, with his long white beard flowing in the wind like a banner. For the 37 years he has been at Rumburgh he has brought out a parish magazine, illustrating it with many of his own village sketches.

Now, though he is still carrying on till a successor is appointed, he has gone to live in an old farmhouse, which he has covered with a new thatched roof. May he have a very happy ninetieth birthday under it, a hundredth one too, and a few after that.

GETTING TOGETHER America and Ourselves

A feeling of relief was felt in this country when the welcome news came that President Hoover and Mr Roosevelt had agreed on preliminary steps for dealing with the War Debt problem.

An invitation has been sent by America to our Government to send representatives to discuss the debts and to discuss ways and means for improving the world situation.

This means that at last a real step has been taken to get together and face the facts which are driving the world to ruin.

Continued from the previous column

mitted, and ever since the Philippines have advanced by leaps and bounds. Their population has nearly doubled and trade has more than doubled. Railways, banks, post offices, and schools have been multiplied, and, though only some 3000 Americans live on the islands, their influence has proved of the greatest benefit to the Malay inhabitants.

On the other hand, there are many races living here, some of them primitive; and some thoughtful Americans are asking themselves whether the country is really far enough advanced to stand alone, especially as she lies at the gate of such unsettled countries as China and Japan and on the main sea-route from West to East.

Hence the paradox of naval stations and international neutrality in the new proposals formulated by Congress.

THE DECIBELS OF LONDON TOWN Rivalling the Noise of the Jungle

Which makes most noise, a roaring lion or a clanging tramcar hurtling along the Thames Embankment? The tramcar has it by two decibels.

Readers of the C.N. will know all about decibels, the unit by which noise is measured, for they will not have forgotten the report in its pages on the elaborate investigation of the varying din in New York a few months ago.

The Western Electric Company has been measuring the noises in London's streets, with the consoling result that London is the quieter of the two cities. The Editor of the C.N. does not always think so as he sits at his window between the Embankment trams and Ludgate Circus, and if the investigators would only come when the buglers of the school across the way are engaging in friendly rivalry with the sirens of the steamers shooting Blackfriars Bridge the trams would be found to be crooning a lullaby in comparison.

The Bugle Band

The tram records 87 decibels; Ludgate Circus about 75; Oxford Circus 72; a barking dog 65; and the bugle band (Editor's estimate) 100.

The method of investigation is as follows: A motor-car is fitted with a microphone at its window, the wires connected to two boxes, in one of which a moving needle registers the degrees of noises encountered in the motor-car's journey through London.

The main purpose of the research is to find out which are the quietest sites for building, and to give valuable information to architects in the planning of new buildings.

We earnestly hope that the new knowledge will do more than this, and that engineers will be able to compete in securing the lowest number of decibels for their respective machines.

THE YO-YO AND THE RAIN And the Doll in the Car

No more may the Yo-Yo delight the youth of Damascus.

The Ulema have denounced it; the Prime Minister has prohibited it; the police are hot on its trail.

The reason for all this turmoil is that the Ulema, who are the religious leaders of Syria, suspect the machinations of the Yo-Yo in upsetting the rainfall! In Syria as elsewhere the rain comes down while the Yo-Yo (when in the hands of youth) flies up. Prayers have been said for rain, but we hear that the rain has refused to fall on the Syrian fields while the Yo-Yo goes up. Can it be that the rain when half-way down is influenced by the movements of the Yo-Yo to go up again? The Ulema think so.

Hence their protests to the Prime Minister, and the confiscation of the toy. Those fond and foolish persons who hang dolls in their motor-cars to keep off accidents can now recognise the Syrian Ulema as men and brothers.

JAPAN AND THE LEAGUE

The Committee of Nineteen deputed by the Assembly of the League to consider the dispute over Manchuria has been unable to persuade Japan to adopt an attitude of conciliation.

Much delay arose from the fact that the Japanese representative at Geneva had not full authority to speak for Japan, having to refer all questions to Tokyo. In spite of ample time being given, Japan failed to satisfy the Committee, which at last decided to draw up its own report for the Assembly as to the course they should adopt in carrying out the suggestions made by the Lytton Commission. This, of course, does not mean that the door is closed on Japan, who can change her attitude at any time.

MAGIC SPECTACLES And C.N. Album of Lifelike Pictures ANOTHER GIFT NEXT WEEK

In this week's C.N. are given a pair of Magic Spectacles, four pages of Lifelike Pictures, and a Self-Binder Album in which the pictures may be kept.

It will be noticed that these pictures are printed in two colours and that in many cases they appear blurred. When they are viewed through the coloured eyepieces, however, they not only show up clearly but the figures and objects stand out in bold relief. They are, in fact, stereoscopic pictures.

When we look at an object with our unaided eyes we know immediately whether it is solid or flat. Our two eyes do not see the object in exactly the same way. The left eye sees more of the left side and the right eye sees more of the right side.

Red and Blue Photographs

Therefore we receive the impression of solidity. If we close one eye we still retain our judgment of solidity and distance to a certain degree owing to our lifelong familiarity with such forms.

The stereoscopic camera has two lenses, placed side by side, as our eyes are placed. The two photographs taken by these lenses correspond with the points of view of our eyes. But it is usual to view stereoscopic pictures through a special apparatus which brings the two pictures together as one by means of lenses, giving the illusion of solidity and distance.

In the C.N. examples the two pictures are superimposed, one being printed in red and the other in blue. When seen through the eyepieces of the same two colours one eye sees the red picture and the other sees the blue, thus achieving in a somewhat different way the same effect as the ordinary stereoscope.

The Self-Binder

Further sets of these remarkable pictures will be given with the C.N. during the next few weeks, and if these are placed in the self-binder album as they appear readers will be able to form a most interesting collection of stereoscopic pictures.

Bend up the ends of the metal binder and place the pages on it. Then fold over the ends of the binder until the points are facing one another.

Four more pages of pictures will be given with next week's C.N. Please make sure of your copy by placing an order with your newsagent to deliver it regularly.

It would be a good plan to make use of the forms on page 11, where particulars are given of another remarkable C.N. offer.

THINGS SAID

Bull-fighting will be dead in ten years.

A Spanish Official

It costs about £2000 to train a mind.

Mr C. A. Macé

The world is becoming like a lunatic asylum run by lunatics. Mr Lloyd George

Make the very most of a sneeze it is a wonderfully cleansing force.

Dr Octavia Lewin

One can dispute with an Englishman and be better friends afterwards.

M. Herriot

If people would treat their bodies as they treat their cars they would live to a good old age.

Sir Arbuthnot Lane

We have not made a shilling out of music for five years.

Crystal Palace Manager

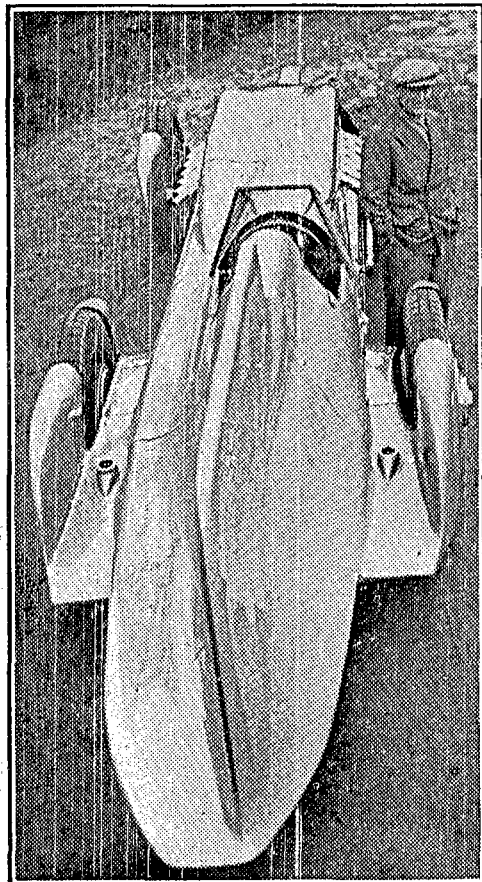
It is more important to know about the 19th-century war against disease and ignorance than about the Crimean War.

Bishop of Plymouth

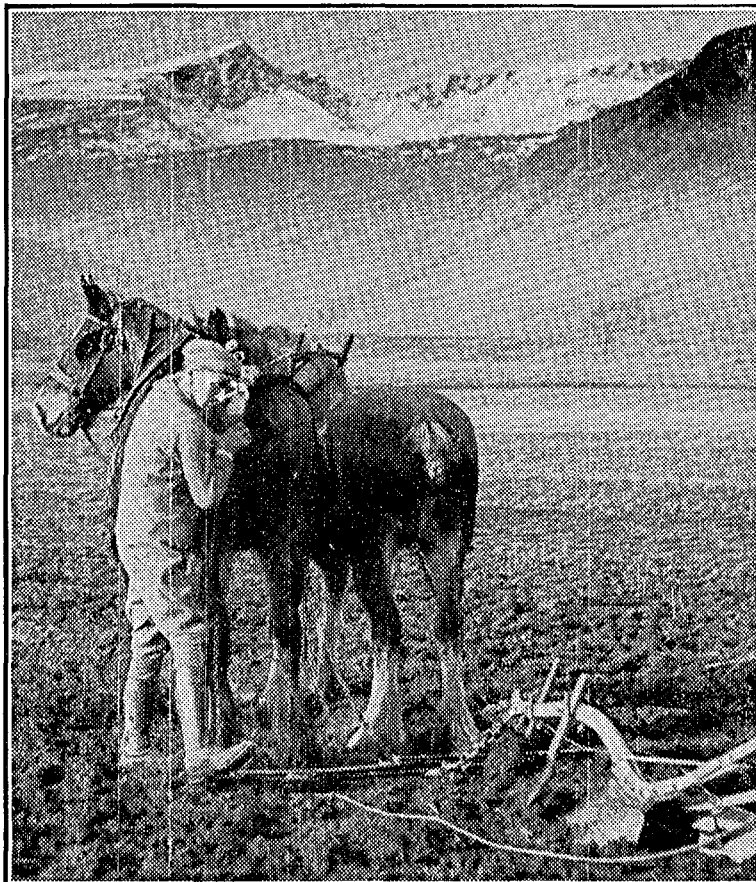
IN THE CLOUDS • NEW RAILWAY SNOWPLOUGH • BOY FIDDLERS



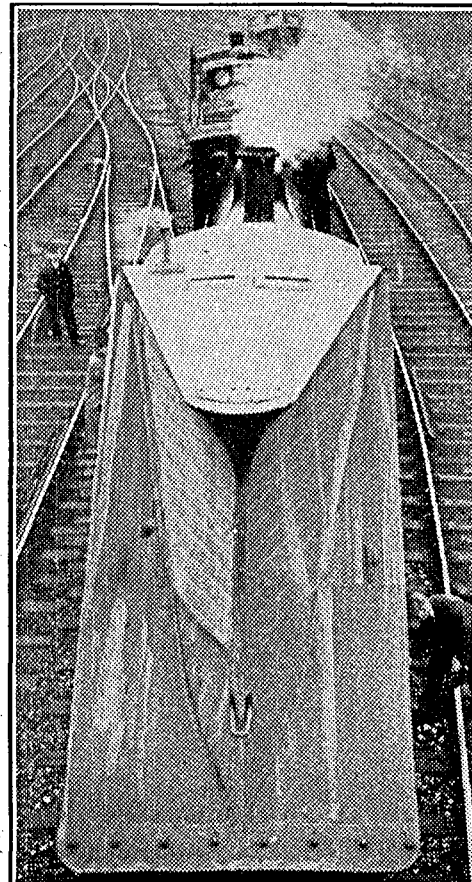
A Holiday Among the Clouds—A cloud resting in a hollow on the mountainside makes a thrilling sight for winter holidaymakers ski-ing over the slopes at Bernina in Switzerland.



The New Blue Bird—Sir Malcolm Campbell's famous Blue Bird has been re-designed for an attempt at Daytona to increase the record speed.



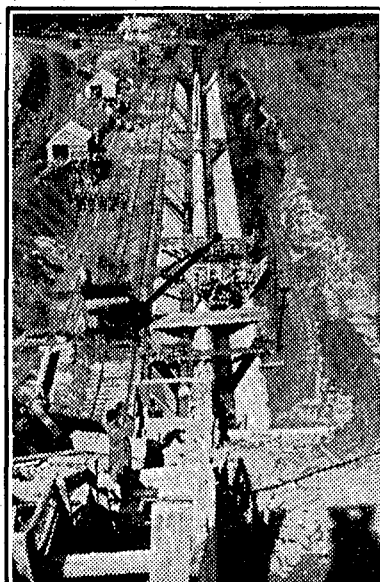
The Day's Work Done—Our photographer, passing through a Scottish glen, took this splendid picture of a farmer unyoking his horses at the end of a day's ploughing.



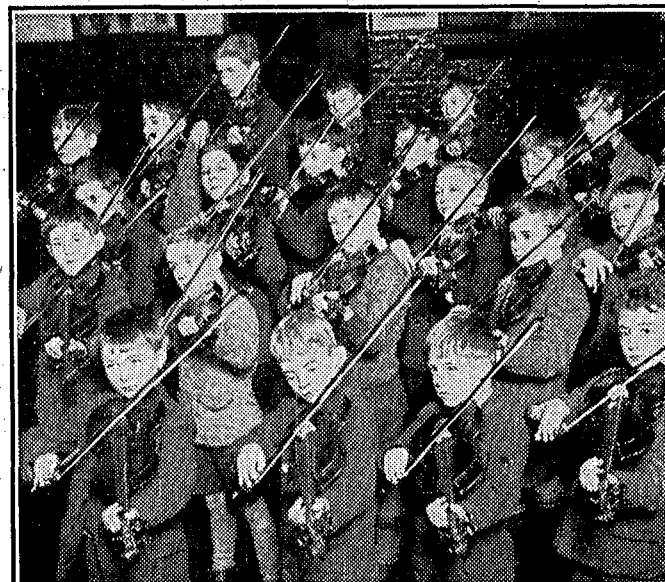
Ready For the Snow—Although snow is by no means common in England the railways must be ready. Here is the latest type of L.N.E.R. snowplough.



Little Plays of St Francis—Students of University College in London are here rehearsing a scene from one of the Little Plays of Saint Francis. These plays are being presented for the ninth year in succession.



Building Our Biggest Reservoir—Here is a view of the work that is going on in connection with the making of a great dam in a Durham valley. See page 4.



Boy Fiddlers—At a South Lambeth school Mr J. Lewis gives violin lessons every week to more than 400 boys and girls between seven and fourteen. This picture shows one of the classes at practice.

A BABY SEAL AND ITS FOSTER PARENTS STRANGE STORY OF A FOUNDLING

Preferring Human Company to the Open Sea

ZEALAND OR SEAL LAND?

A true story, whose delightful hero was a baby seal, was told the other day by a well-known Danish writer.

Last summer a dead mother seal, evidently the victim of an accident, was washed ashore on the coast of Zealand. Clinging closely to her was a new-born baby seal.

Some people living near by adopted the little foundling, and kept him alive with milk, which the lady who had constituted herself his nurse poured over her own arms and allowed him to lick off.

For a long time this was the only way in which the little creature could be made to absorb nourishment. Soon he attached himself to his adopted parents with the same devotion that he had shown toward his mother. He was perfectly tame and as affectionate and trusting as a child.

Out and Home Again

When the family went bathing they took him down to the beach with them, and found, as might have been expected, that he did not need any lessons in swimming; but, joyously as he tumbled about in the breakers, he never swam very far from his guardians; and, if anything happened to startle him, he came scuttling back to safety.

After a time his foster parents thought that it would perhaps be kinder to let him return to the natural life and companionship of creatures of his own kind; so, taking him several miles out to sea, they put him overboard and left him.

A few hours later he was back again, scuttling with his funny, ungainly gait up the garden path and waiting before the door for someone to come and let him in.

Incredible as it sounds, he had swum back all those miles by himself, found the exact spot on the beach where to come ashore, and crawled up a fairly long and steep path to the house in order to rejoin the human beings who had been kind to him!

By Motor to a Zoo

He was the gentlest, most lovable little creature, with a passion for being petted, and was always being passed from arm to arm until he grew too big for it—too big, also, after a while, to be kept in a private establishment.

So, since he had so plainly shown that he preferred human companionship and would have none of the open sea, he was one day taken a motor-ride to the nearest town and placed in the zoo there. The last news of him was that he was well looked after and made as much of as he deserved to be.

The narrator of the story, who is convinced that Zealand is in reality *Seal Land*, and got its name from the fact that it was the habitation of millions of seals before it became that of men, would like to see the seal raised to the dignity of Denmark's national animal and have a monument put up to it in one of Copenhagen's public places.

THE DOG TEAM DISAPPEARING

Aeroplanes and railways are bringing about a change in Northern Canada which many people will regret, though perhaps the dogs will not.

The huskies, or dog teams, with their sleighs, are fast disappearing. A good team of huskies, with its sleigh, used to be worth about sixty pounds, but today they are being sold off for less than a quarter of this price, and in a year or two will be little more than a curiosity.

Guarding the Sacred Shrine of Our English-Speaking Race

No Dean of Westminster has done more to make the Abbey popular than Dr Foxley Norris.

He is, of course, under the King, entire master in his own house, and may do as he will with our national shrine. He has chosen to do what has pleased us all, and has made Westminster Abbey the heart of the nation in a very deep sense. In times of joy and mourning it reflects the spirit of our people.

The C.N. has been delighted to know that the Dean has long been anxious to remove from the Abbey some of the obstructions that stand in the way of its efficiency and destroy its beauty. The centuries have made it too much a museum of the past, and sentiment from generation to generation has crammed it with memorials that have no right there. We have said many times that they should come away, and it is splendid to know that Dean Norris has begun the good work of removing them. So he has found more room for those who worship at the Abbey on great occasions; so he has added to the impressiveness of its solemn interior.

What We Hope to See

We hope to see Dr Norris live to do two or three great things before his deanery ends. *We hope to see him arrange for the Abbey to be flood-lighted every night, and we hope to be there to see him receive the remains of Cromwell back at the Abbey for State burial.*

In the meantime we are thankful for what is being done.

In spite of all we have done to spoil it, the Abbey remains so perfect a monument of medieval art that it is almost a miracle.

It belonged to a country which was intimate in its relations with itself, as a small people can be. When, as the centuries passed by, England came to belong more to the people and less to the kings the Abbey belonged more to the people too, and envious eyes were cast on that enclosure where a name once engraved would be immortal.

To be buried in the Abbey! No one knows what that has meant to certain men.

Muddle of Statuary

And this brings us to our muddle of statuary by the north transept door and the question of memorials in the Abbey. Generally speaking, any public person can be buried there. That we do not mind. What we object to is the type of memorial lavished on the dead.

We can see the position quite clearly if we look into the development of the memorial tomb as a feature of a medieval church. In the design for a Gothic cathedral sculpture played a vital part. It was thought of from the beginning.

A tremendous work the sculpture was before the building was finished, with figures of various sizes enriching porches, arches, galleries, choir stalls. These adornments were not placed anywhere. They were set overhead, so that when a man's eyes went upward he met the

gaze of a smiling angel who was part of the church.

Now, these geniuses of master masons who planned Gothic cathedrals had a special eye for the unbroken, flying line. Nothing was allowed to break that pure beauty of unbroken line. No sculpture interfered with the pillars.

If we want to see what they did, we can go over the chapels at Westminster and look at the tombs and memorials of kings and queens, from that of the Confessor to about the end of the Plantagenets, when we began to fall from grace. These embody the richness of the Gothic spirit. No one thought of anything grand or theatrical.

In the sixteenth century it occurred to someone to put the figures kneeling, with hands in prayer,

As if for countless sins they would atone By saying endless prayers in stone.

But then came a change. Perhaps it was due to this breaking away from the sleeping figure; but, whatever the cause may have been, there now came huge, flamboyant compositions, death throwing darts, figures of glory flinging themselves in passionate adoration about the name of a dead man.

One of the Miracles of Time

These, we need hardly say, have nothing to do with the Gothic spirit, and should be kept out of a pure Gothic building, which is one of the miracles of Time and can never recur. This is our great quarrel with the Abbey: not that people should be buried there, but that incongruous statue groups should mar the beauty of the pile.

Statuary has been crowded into almost every available niche in a way to make an Englishman feel sore with shame.

Huge memorials with squirming figures several tiers high rise like wedding cakes in the tranquil bays of the north transept, and the eye is jarred by the ugliness of the mass. To the mind come thoughts of paltry human competition and desire for renown, political squabbles, and international wars, instead of the serenity and peace and the sense of eternity rounding up our little lives.

Jane Lister, Deare Childe

Why set up noble pillars and arches to the glory of God and chisel them out to make room for petty human satisfactions? If we cannot be content to put monuments in the Gothic spirit in a Gothic temple, cannot we put a stone or a brass with a name on it on the floor or on the wall and put the monument out in a public square?

How refreshing to come across that small stone in the pavement of the north aisle of the nave which just says *O Rare Ben Jonson*. Or that stone which says *Jane Lister, deare childe*. How much better than if someone had put a figure of Ben in the dress of a Roman senator, as one of our runaway kings stands (with a dignity he did not deserve) not very far away!

A PIGEON TAKES THE WRONG TURNING

LAST June a two-year-old homing pigeon was set loose at Amiens in France to see how quickly it could fly to its home in Amble, Northumberland.

It certainly created a record for the Up North Combine Race in which it had been entered, but it created a record of the wrong kind; for it decided to do the journey by way of Curaçao in the Dutch West Indies, an island about 75 miles off the coast of South America, and is not home yet.

John Rollo of Amble, its owner, has just received a letter from the National Homing Union to say that his pigeon is in the possession of Mr A. van Litz of Curaçao. How it got so far away no one seems to have any definite idea. If weather conditions were perfect it

might possibly have flown the whole way; but it is far more likely that it felt tired when crossing from France to England and landed on an outward-bound Dutch vessel. There it may have decided that the whole trip would make a delightful change from its pigeon cot, or someone may have kept it an unwilling prisoner.

John Rollo has written to Mr van Litz to thank him for caring for the pigeon and to ask if he can throw any light on how it got there, also to offer the bird to him if he cares to keep it.

Otherwise the suggestion is that he should put it on a ship bound for some European port, where it could be set free to make another attempt to get back to Amble.

DISAPPEARING HILLS AND VILLAGES

BUILDING OUR BIGGEST RESERVOIR

Huge Appetite of the Mechanical Navvies

THE BRIDGE OVER THE BURN

In the valley below the little village of Wearhead in Durham hundreds of men are working day and night in a sea of mud on their six-year task of making the biggest British reservoir-dam for Durham County.

The vast desert of mud is comparable to the Ypres Salient at its worst, but man is achieving wonders. Through a man-made tunnel in the hills a river has been diverted; monster steam navvies are eating away other hills at the rate of one and a half tons every three quarters of a minute; houses and farmsteads are disappearing as though by magic: all this to make a clear road for the great sea of water.

Monster Machines

Through the mud with Mr Alldridge, the resident engineer, the C.N. correspondent ploughed his way, while all around monster machines screamed as they worked hard and fast. So great was the din that we had to shout to make ourselves heard. "Below the building of that wall," shouted the engineer, pointing to the gigantic dam wall, "lie the remains of fifteen houses and farms we had to pull down when we started."

Farther up the valley we ploughed our way through the sucking, clinging mud until we reached another hamlet which is to be pulled down, all but one bridge over the burn.

The bridge is being spared for sentimental reasons. It will be submerged when the dam is built, but the members of the Water Board have decided that it shall not be broken up at present.

When, within the next four years, the dam, which is known to engineers as an earth dam, is completed, it will be one of the biggest in the world.

An Orgy of Destruction

What an appetite the mechanical navvies have—one and a half tons at a bite! It is so great that trains of wagons are kept in constant waiting on them while they demolish the wild and picturesque countryside. In four years time this site will hold about 1600 million gallons of water. The dam will be 600 yards long, and in some parts 131 feet wide.

Floods are not unknown here, and once a train was nearly swept away. Whenever work is possible, however, the workers, like ants on a hill, can be seen scraping, puddling, and directing the mighty engines in their orgy of destruction.

The reservoir, which will be known when completed as the Burnhope Reservoir, is entirely self-supporting at present. In a quarry in the hillside virgin stone is being blasted for material. In the repair shops the latest devices that engineers have made can be seen, and what appear to be toy engines career round the eight miles of gauge track.

Although the work has been dangerous, and has progressed so well that it is about five months ahead of programme, there have been very few accidents.

Picture on page 3

A DOG PAYS BACK

The life of a boy has been saved by a dog he had rescued from a trap somewhere in County Down.

The boy, Jack Sands, fell into a ravine and broke a leg. The barking of the dog attracted a party of climbers, who followed the dog to the edge of a deep chasm. They rescued the helpless boy with ropes. So the dog nobly paid back its rescuer's good deed.

We are delighted that the S.O.S. Society has been able to help many more unemployed with money sent by C.N. readers.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

FEBRUARY 4 1933

Throwing Life Away

It is one of the most surprising things in the world that those responsible for life and death appear sometimes to neglect the most obvious ways of saving life.

A parlour-maid has just narrowly escaped from a serious explosion through not being able to tell at sight whether the gas was on or off.

It is years since we suggested that every gas-tap in the world should show by its position whether it is on or off, but this is apparently never done.

Between the home, the road, the mine, the railway, the factory, and the ship, we lose every year some 18,000 people through what we call accidents. To judge from past experience, the number of little children who will die from accident in British homes this year will be about 2000.

The danger to life increases with the multiplication of scientific appliances and their use by people who do not understand their construction. Accidents multiply as the use of gas and electricity spreads, because these forces are handled by persons who have no idea of their potency. A very sad case was reported in which a lady was cleaning something when a terrible explosion destroyed her life. That sort of accident is painfully frequent.

Ordinary gas-fittings are often fitted and managed most carelessly. In a little bed-sitting-room is often seen a gas-ring joined to the main connection with a flexible tube; the tube becomes frayed or damaged and life is lost. The bathroom is only too frequently the scene of tragedy through the careless use of geysers. The garage becomes a trap for human life: the door is shut, the engine runs, carbon monoxide accumulates, and an unfortunate car-owner becomes unconscious and dies without knowing he was hurt.

All these things occur because education is not adapted to fit people to use scientific appliances and because even those who know how to handle them are sometimes inexcusably careless.

For no small part of the accident death-roll Parliament should be blamed. It leaves tiny children at the mercy of inflammable celluloid toys as it leaves them at the mercy of impure milk. The law should be tightened up to prevent home accidents, work accidents, road accidents. It should be more concerned for the sanctity of human life. It should make the strictest provisions with regard to the use of deadly appliances. The Home Secretary might do worse than to appoint a Commission to examine the whole subject of avoidable accidents from the cradle to the grave.



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



Now is the Time

JANUARY, February, and March are the worst three months for trade, and Rotary clubs in many towns are advocating that we should hasten as much buying and selling as possible.

If, therefore, we have any orders to place, or any work which will have to be done sooner or later, let us see about it sooner rather than later.

A Surprise For George Stephenson

WE wish all success to that remarkable institution famous as the Crystal Palace, and we still believe that most of its failures are due to the difficulty of reaching it.

We read in its annual report that some people are still surprised that it can be reached in about half an hour from any part of the City. Certainly it seems to us that George Stephenson would be surprised at that, which is slower than his Rocket.

Old Friends

WE are glad to see that many ancient announcements are to disappear from our railway trains.

One of the notices that is to go is For Light Articles Only; evidently it has been abbreviated since the day when the writer used the railways, for he never got out of his head that marvellous sentence:

The use of this rack for heavy and bulky packages is dangerous to passengers and is prohibited.

Geneva

By Lady Aberdeen

I NEVER go to Geneva without wondering whether it was a sort of sub-conscious inspiration which made the nations of the world agree to set up at the foot of Mont Blanc, with the white peaks emblematic of the goal of high endeavour, the Headquarters of the League which was created to usher in the era of Universal Peace.

There that great mountain stands in its white sublimity, towering over the world of human beings living at its foot, torn by conflicts and anxieties, fears and suspicions.

And ever and anon comes that wonderful glow lighting up Mont Blanc, its lovely radiance full of promise of a future in which our children's ambitions will be to bring glory to their countries, loved because of the happiness of their people, rather than feared because of their power.

When We Build

When we build, let it be such a work as our descendants will thank us for; and let us think, as we lay stone on stone, that a time is to come when those stones will be held sacred because our hands have touched them, and that men will say as they look upon the labour and wrought substances of them, "See! this our fathers did for us."

John Ruskin

Too Many Votes

ONLY half the voters went to the poll in an election for a Liverpool M.P. the other day.

It seems a good opportunity to suggest that the time has arrived for taking the vote away from those who show that they do not want it, and leaving the destiny of the country in the hands of serious people.

On the Tram

A lady sends us this little note of a rainy day at Brighton.

SUCH a kind conductor on the tram yesterday! I was loaded with things from shopping and was just thinking it would be impossible for me to put my umbrella up on leaving the tram. It was pouring with rain, and the conductor must have read my mind, for I said nothing to him, but he just took my umbrella and put it up for me.

Tip-Cat

A SCHOOL teacher thinks all children should be taught to make something. Even if it is only an effort.

THE average man cannot remain beneath water for longer than two minutes. If he does remain beneath he is above the average.

POLITICIANS must respect the law, says one of them, or nothing will be left standing. Yet they can't all get seats.

Peter Puck Wants to Know



If a fast runner catches his breath

PROBLEMS face us on every hand. And are handed to us by every face.

A CORRESPONDENT wants to know if the twelve men on a jury are always just men. No; some of them are women.

A LONDONER complains that telegrams are not much quicker than letters. It is merely a matter of form.

WE cling to old habits. Some of us have nothing else to put on.

IT is a foolish custom for a judge to wear a wig, someone says. Yet it still goes on.

A TAXI-CAB ran into a barber's saloon. The customers had a close shave.

KEEP your head if you want to carry an argument, says a speaker. And carry it in your head.

THE BROADCASTER

C.N. Calling the World

THE Post Office is to give us brighter post offices.

ABOUT 17 per cent more English land is now under wheat than in 1931.

JUST AN IDEA

The world needs each one of us for a definite purpose which we alone can fulfil.

A Man of Devon

THERE is a land of little shadowed caves
And brave red cliffs, of golden beaches piled
With warm, soft sand, washed by the English waves
In which he bathed and laughed and was a child.

UPON the rugged tors great beauty broods,
And on the moors that bred in him his dreams,
On sunny orchards, and on primrose woods,
And thirsty kingcups dipping to the streams.

BUT now his brave heart sleeps where strangers dwell,
And Flanders flowers have clothed the ravished plains
In some lost spot of France: where none may tell,
Save the strong arms of Earth, the beating rains.

You cheered him forth, ah! England, in your pride,
Sending his splendid youth for your release.

Forget not now, as years pass by, he died
For England's happy fields and England's peace. Marjorie Wilson

The Saddest Rubbish Heap in England

THE very holy of holies of our countryside is the altar of the little church.

Sometimes it has a tenderness and a beauty that fill us with a sense of reverence and stir within us thoughts of all that we love best. It is right that it should be so, that any one of us can come to this shrine and lay on it our sorrows or our joys.

And yet sometimes it is as if the altar were unloved and uncared for, or as if this sacred place were as nothing to those to whom it should be all.

One of these altars in a small church in Sussex has a space all round it so that we can walk behind; and, finding ourselves there the other day, we peeped inside the altar and found it something like the village rubbish heap, crammed with stores and common things: rubbish, papers, candles, and a broken chair. We have not seen so sad a sight since we used to see hats and umbrellas propped up against the noble screen at Canterbury during service there, or found the gardeners at Salisbury using the great cedar in the cloisters as something to hang the watering-can on.

It seems an infinite pity that we cannot have a special reverence for whatsoever things are noble and beautiful in the world.

A Prayer by Lord Byron

Father of Light, on Thee I call;
Thou seest my soul is dark within;
Thou, who canst mark the sparrow's fall,
Avert from me the death of sin.

No shrine I seek to sects unknown;
O, point to me the path of truth;
Thy dread omnipotence I own;
Spare, yet amend the faults of youth.

February 4, 1933

The Children's Newspaper

7

THE KIND HEARTS OF THE C.N.

ONE MORE APPEAL TO THEM

Let the Soul of Little Folks
Go Marching On

WHO WILL GIVE A CHILD A SECOND CHANCE ?

Among the readers of the C.N., as the Editor knows well, are some of the kindest people in the world, and now a splendid chance has come for them.

We have it in our power to give a second chance of life and happiness to thousands of little children from the slums, and we must not deny them.

There are many C.N. readers, old and young, who have treasured memories of Little Folks and will learn with great regret that this delightful magazine for children has come to its last number.

The Silver Lining

Every cloud has its silver lining, and it is good to know that if we no longer see this friend on the bookstalls the soul of Little Folks will go marching on. At least we hope that something durable is left. The name of this favourite story magazine will not die if the Little Folks Home, which was founded at Bexhill 20 years ago as a seaside branch of the Queen's Hospital for Children in East London, is still able to carry on its splendid work.

But little folks have a way of growing into big folks with other claims and interests. Many of them go to live in remote parts of the Empire; and, sad to say, the money Little Folks readers have been able to subscribe to the Home has been steadily declining.

This is where we of the C.N. come in. Why should we not step into the breach and keep up this fine work of restoring thousands of sick children to health and happiness? If this Home closes down scores of East End children will have no chance of obtaining the fresh air and good food needed for their recovery.

The Slum Child's Greatest Doctor

Thousands of children have been sent down to the sea, the slum child's greatest doctor, since the Home was started. Each child spends at least three weeks in delightful surroundings, and most of them are out of doors all day in fine weather, playing in the grounds, going for walks, or digging on the beach. After a time a happy and healthy child is back with its delighted parents.

Somebody has called the Little Folks Home the *Place of the Second Chance*. About sixty pounds a week is needed to keep the Home going, and there is also a debt of £1600 on the property. Since 1911, when it was founded, Little Folks readers have done noble work in raising money to help by taking collecting-boxes, organising clubs, holding small sales, concerts, and so on.

The Sunshine Lady

The Sunshine Lady, who is well known to all readers of Little Folks, will still remain at her post to receive and acknowledge all contributions and box collections. *May she have yours?* No amount is too small; even a shilling or sixpence will help, for the Sunshine Lady, Queen's Hospital for Children, Hackney Road, London, E.C.2, is thankful for the smallest mercy.

Will you send her your shilling, your half-crown, your Treasury Note? And you, dear rich people, will you send her just one Five-Pound Note at this time when the clouds are gathering and it is so hard to think of these little ones and what may happen to them? A little help now will be wonderful; it will cheer those who bear the heat and burden of the day, and it will carry on for these poor little ones that Second Chance.

So now, please, a little help for the Sunshine Lady, quickly.

ORGAN-GRINDER TO THE QUEEN

THE proudest of all organ-grinders has lately died.

He was proud because he had twice been commanded to appear before a Queen, and it is pretty certain that no other organ-grinder was ever so honoured as he was. The fact was inscribed on the old man's coffin.

Francesco Carnachia came from Naples. He could play the Italian bagpipes, and in his youth could dance the national dances of his country with grace and dash; but as time went on he found it better to turn the handle of a barrel organ, or to be a one-man band.

One unforgettable summer day in 1889 he was playing his one-man band on the road between Cowes and Newport when he read the staggering news that

Queen Victoria wished him to perform at Osborne. In high excitement he set off for the royal house and gave his performance on the lawn, while the Queen listened to his playing from an upper window.

The memory warmed the organ-man's heart for the rest of his days. Times might be bad; people might tell him rudely to take his noise out of the street; but once upon a time his music had pleased a Queen.

Carnachia was 75 when he died at Southsea. He had outlived the golden days of the Victorian Era, but before he passed he saw the dark clouds begin to unfold, and the Sun of prosperity take another peep at the country he had learned to love.

THE DESTROYERS



Wokingham is selling the beauty of England, and the trees of Maiden Erlegh, the late Mr Solly Joel's estate, are being cut down. It is one of the pathetic tragedies of our time that such beauty as this is destroyed to make room for tasteless streets and houses.

ASK AND IT SHALL BE GIVEN

From her lonely tent on the verge of Australia, Mrs Daisy Bates sends us this account of an inspiring answer to prayer.

ST AUGUSTINE'S CHURCH in Adelaide was in debt. There were no funds. Its rector, Mr Wallace Bird, has always set his face against gambling of any kind, and has ever stressed the power of prayer.

Burdened with the church debt and lack of funds for the many services connected with his poorer parishioners the rector went for a walk a few months ago among Adelaide's beautiful hills, and as he walked he made up his mind that St Augustine's should put its trust in God alone for its needs.

He told his people of his decision, and every day someone brought a little and a little more. Every gift was anonymous. There was a great and wonder-

ful spiritual revival in the hearts of all. The church debt was £2600, and the answer to prayer was £2600, enough to wipe off the debt and leave a margin for the Master's own work among the sick and suffering. And because it seemed good to him that St Augustine's had chosen this way a parishioner, Mr Lindow, has given £2000 for a carillon for the church to ring out joyful thanks.

These bells, now being made in England, will rank with Sydney University's carillon as the finest church bells in Australia. It is hoped that they will ring out on Easter Day.

Mr Bird is still receiving gifts from all over the world; and throughout Australia his appeal is stimulating other centres whose rectors have long realised that dances and feasts and lotteries are not the best means a church can use for bringing in the people.

A THRILL IN A LITTLE ROOM

THE VOICE IMMORTAL

How Kossuth Was Heard
Speaking To His Countrymen

DELIGHT IN A NATIONAL MUSEUM

By Our Hungary Correspondent

It is rarely that one gets such a thrill as a little group of people had the other day in a room of the National Museum at Budapest.

Can anything be more exciting than suddenly to hear, out of the mist of years, the voice of one of the great figures in history?

For generations Hungarian children had heard of the golden voice and the golden eloquence of Louis Kossuth, the national hero who, in the middle of last century, tried to liberate his country from the Austrian yoke, and, failing, ended his days in exile. Many of them, no doubt, had wished it were possible to recapture at least a shred of that lost enchantment. And now, in the most romantic way, a shred of it has been recaptured.

A Determined Enthusiast

In 1890 Kossuth was living in exile in the Italian town of Turin. At that date the gramophone was still in its infancy, but it served the purpose of one determined enthusiast, Charles Felner. That year a memorial was to be unveiled to 13 Hungarian generals who were executed after the war of liberation was squashed; and Felner thought how splendid it would be if the great exile's voice could be heard at the ceremony.

He bought a phonograph (a device now grown into the gramophone, of course) and got two of Kossuth's old friends to speak into it a request that he should make a speech. Armed with the record thus obtained and with other unused records he went to Turin.

A Jealously Guarded Treasure

Louis Kossuth had never seen a phonograph, but when he was told to put the receivers to his ears, and heard the voices of his old friends accosting him, he involuntarily returned an impulsive "How d'ye do? How d'ye do?" as though they had been present. Afterwards he consented to speak into the phonograph himself, and his speech, which covered three records, was heard later by the multitudes assembled for the unveiling of the memorial.

The three records remained in Mr Felner's possession, a jealously guarded treasure, until in 1919, during the brief Bolshevik period in Budapest, red soldiers, hunting for concealed arms, accidentally broke one and took another away with them. The third record, as well as the broken pieces of the first, still remained, and these their owner has now presented to the National Museum at Budapest.

Captured Out of the Void

The curator was not very optimistic, for his practised eye saw that even the sound record was much damaged by time. And his fears were realised, for when placed on the old-fashioned phonograph to which it belonged it gave forth no sound whatever.

But the curator would not acknowledge himself beaten. He there and then tried the experiment of making a strengthened copy of the record on another disc. He placed this on the machine, and there came to the ears of the listeners, faintly at first and then with a sudden startling distinctness, sentence upon sentence of the beautiful oration which 42 years ago had moved multitudes to tears. At last they knew what it was like, the golden voice, strong and resonant even in age, which the world had once flocked to hear.

It had been captured out of the void and need never be lost again.

SCAPEGRACE NEPHEW OF JOHN MILTON

THE POET AS HIS PUPIL REMEMBERED HIM

A Queer Spelling and What It
Tells Us

NEWS FROM OLD PAPERS

*Early Lives of Milton, by Helen Darbishire.
Constable, 18s.*

John Milton, whom we know as a great poet, was for a time a schoolmaster in a small way, the tutor of his two nephews John and Edward Phillips.

In the days when the Long Parliament was beginning its life, and the country was preparing for the terrible struggle between the King and the Parliament, we can picture the poet in a lodging in St. Bride's Churchyard, almost within sound of the C.N. office, giving lessons (and sometimes the rod) to the two sons of his sister. He did not stay very long in St. Bride's: there was not room there for all his books and goods, so he removed to a pretty garden house in Aldersgate Street.

City Gardens

The poet would never live without a garden, and London readers must not smile when they read of a garden house in Aldersgate Street. All this took place in Old London in the years which followed 1640; and there were gardens in the City then.

Edward wrote a Life of his uncle, as all students know. But till lately John was thought to have been, as indeed he was, an unhappy scapegrace from whom the poet, his uncle, parted. Now, thanks to the skill of Miss Darbishire, there is good ground for believing that John Phillips also wrote a Life of the poet. How the discovery was made reads like a detective story.

Oxford and Cambridge

The story begins with Anthony Wood, a learned Oxford man, who prepared near the end of the 17th century a list of famous Oxford men, with notes on them. He included Milton in his Oxford list, a fact at which good Cambridge men will smile indulgently, for John Milton is, of course, one of the glorious names in Cambridge story. Still, his name was included in Wood's List because he was made M.A. Oxon in 1635.

Among Wood's papers in the Bodleian Library at Oxford was found about the end of last century a Life of the poet by some author unknown. One day Miss Darbishire was studying this manuscript when she noticed that the handwriting was very like the handwriting of John Phillips, who wrote a book to make fun of the Presbyterians of his day, and indeed to attack them savagely. But one other thing she noticed. It had to do with spelling, which can tell tales.

Supposing, for example, a teacher found that in their essays two boys spelt the word their as thir he would have good reason for thinking that the two had been putting their heads together.

The Same Hand

Now John Milton was the first man to use two spellings for their; when he wanted it to be used with emphasis he said their; when it was lightly used he put thir.

So did the writer of the anonymous Life. He also used thir. And so did the writer of the attack on Presbyterians. And what surprised the student was the fact that the handwriting of the notes on the book and the dedication was in the same handwriting as that of the Life of Milton. It was written thirty years later, and handwriting changes, but it was certainly by the same hand.

That is to say, there is good reason to think that this Life, which is written in a spirit of great admiration for the poet, was by his scapegrace nephew, who perhaps was not such a bad man as people have supposed him to have been.

A CHICKEN'S HEART COMES OF AGE

Immortal Fragment of Physical Life?

REMARKABLE EXPERIMENT
CARRYING ON

Dr Alexis Carrel has been holding a birthday party, and a 21st birthday party into the bargain.

It was not for himself, but for a living fragment that he adopted in 1912, a fragment of a chicken's heart. The C.N. has referred to this young hopeful speck of life before, and has great hopes of sending greetings on its Jubilee, and on its Centenary, or even on its Millenary.

But the curious point about it is that the greeting can only reach the guardian and never the fragment of chicken, for if that heart became ambitious, like cells in other forms of life, and acquired a nervous system and a brain, the immortality it now has would become mortality, and it would perish.

In a Test Tube

The little bit of heart lives in a test tube, and it lives because its individual cells are kept alive by artificial nourishment and drainage at the hands of Dr Alexis Carrel. The cells can produce more cells, but their guardian controls the size of his living piece of heart by cutting away excess tissues. He declares that as long as he has successors to continue his work at the Rockefeller Institute, so long can the heart remain alive, and we humans could, too, he says, were we not composed of so many kinds of cells.

If only our bodies consisted of those cells forming the heart we could live for ever, provided we had the proper environment; but we have nerve and brain cells in addition, and these cannot be kept alive for ever, and so we should die when they perished.

A RECORD IDEA

A new method of recording for gramophone reproduction has been invented.

A wax impression of the sound is usually the first stage, and from this impression a metal master record is moulded from which any number of discs can be stamped. The new process records directly on metal, a thin disc of a special copper alloy, and it is claimed that it is more convenient and cheaper when small quantities of records are required, though it cannot compete with mass-production methods.

Continued from the previous column

Certainly he admired his uncle, and bore him no grudge for his using the rod when, in the garden house in Aldersgate Street, he needed correction.

And it is not true that the poet had nothing to do with his nephew. There are copies of two of his great sonnets, made by the same hand that wrote the Life many years after schooldays were over. Milton let his old pupil copy out poems for him.

This is what John Milton looked like as John remembered him. Of moderate stature; ruddy complexion; light brown hair; handsome features save that his eyes were none of the quickest. He made his pupils work hard; but, as his other nephew says, he could unbend and occasionally keep a gawdy-day, or, as we might say, have a jolly with some sparks of his acquaintance. But both his nephews tell how he lived a hard life of plain living and high thinking. "His deportment was sweet and affable; and his gait (we usually spell it gait) erect and manly, bespeaking courage and undauntedness." And as everyone can tell who reads his poetry John Milton had an excellent ear and could bear a part in both vocal and instrumental music.

If the scapegrace did write this Life we are grateful to him for the love which he bore his uncle, and for telling us about him as he remembered him.

GOD'S HOSTELRY

A WONDERFUL OLD HOSPITAL AT BEAUNE

Where Minds and Souls Are
Cared For as Well as Bodies

HOTEL DIEU 1443

We wish every man and woman who has to do with our great voluntary hospitals could pay a visit to the Hôtel Dieu in Beaune.

Much is there to interest them, and much to surprise them. A hospital where peace and beauty and privacy are put as high in the category of healing things as medicines and good nursing! It is incredible, yet here it is.

The following account of this wonderful old hospital is sent us by a traveller in France.

Hôtel Dieu 1443 it announces outside, thus indicating the year when the great idea originated.

It had taken fifty years to produce the idea—fifty years of war, marauding soldiers, fire, famine, and plague, till the misery of the people was complete, and a churchman wrote to King, Charles the Seventh saying: "You must wake up. We can do no more."

A Noble Lady

But the man to do something about it was not the king, but Nicholas Rollin, chancellor and right-hand man to Philip the Good, Duke of Burgundy. Heart and soul with him in his project of building a hospital was his noble and gentle wife Lady Guigone; and that he was heart and soul with Lady Guigone he did not hesitate to declare on every spare vault and cornice and blank bit of wall of the building, where we find *Seulle* repeated over and over again, with a star and G. N., their initials, interlaced, meaning that Guigone was the one star of his life.

God's Hostel was to serve Beaune for all time: therefore it must be beautiful. It was to serve chiefly the poor: therefore it must be homelike rather than impressively formal. Flemish architect, workmen, and artists were chosen to build this friendly palace for the poor, and on New Year's Day, 1452, the first patient knocked at the door, found six Sisters ready for work, and a service began which has not ceased to this day.

For Both Rich and Poor

Here those in need could come, both rich and poor, well and ill. Beds were there for the sick; bread for the hungry; and to be rich was no impediment. A section was built for patients who paid. And today we find the same immaculate cleanliness, the same tranquillity of temper, the same loving devotion as in the days when the gentle Guigone herself watched over her people's welfare.

The Hostel is also as hospitable to ideas as it is to people, and in every way keeps abreast with the times, though it sometimes has difficulty in effecting structural improvements, as it has been classified as a historical monument and placed under State supervision.

Voice of the Fifteenth Century

It is in the Great Ward that the voice of the 15th century speaks most clearly to the critical 20th century. Here every principle of what is right and proper in a modern hospital seems to be denied. Yet is there not something here which modern hospitals lack?

Instead of white-clad iron beds with their heads to the wall and their feet toward the middle, here are brown wooden beds running head to foot down each side of the ward, with curtains to pull round each as desired. "Wood is less sanitary," you say. "I'll work all the harder to keep it clean," says the Hôtel Dieu.

"It wastes space and makes the Sisters walk farther."

Back comes the answer: "It pre-

THE CRYSTAL TOWER

Seen From the Editor's Window

357,000 GALLONS OF WATER

When the Editor of the C.N. looks out of his window he sees, pencilled against the southern sky four miles away, one of the towers of the Crystal Palace. He lives between two towers, he tells his callers sometimes, for on the other side is Wren's great tower of St. Bride's Church in Fleet Street.

A tiny thing the Crystal Palace tower looks to him, but in reality it is an extraordinary example of what our engineers could accomplish 80 years ago.

Sir Henry Buckland, who, as general manager of the Crystal Palace, has been describing the vast structure he controls, has given some surprising figures about this tower and its companion. Each is 282 feet high and weighs 2000 tons. About 400 steps lead up one of the towers to a gallery from which magnificent views of London and Kent can be seen, for it is the highest spot within ten miles of the City.

The Big Tank

Little does the visitor guess as he paces round this gallery catching glimpses of the Thames and London's little lakes sparkling here and there, that behind him, boxed up in steel, is a volume of water bigger than in many a lake which mirrors the sky back to his eyes. Behind him is a tank containing 357,675 gallons of water, weighing nearly 1600 tons, and filling over 57,000 cubic feet.

This vast reservoir and its fellow at the top of the other tower were placed here for two purposes—to play the jets of two large fountains and to provide a stream at great pressure at any part of the Palace which might catch fire.

Yet to the Editor at his window this stupendous weight appears to be lightly perched on a slender stem.

TWOPENCE FOR THE EMPIRE

The Best in the World

Big Ben chiming is probably the most popular item in our wireless programmes, as in country districts it is most useful.

Mr. Whitley, the Chairman of the B.B.C., has been telling us that letters are coming from all over the world demanding more Big Ben on the Empire broadcasts, and that the B.B.C. is putting a full chime into every transmission sent out on this new service.

Thousands of letters from every corner of the Empire reach Broadcasting House, and every one is a human document, expressing intense satisfaction with what the Motherland has done for her world-wide family.

For this Empire service is the gift of every licence-holder in this country, just over twopence out of every ten shillings being devoted to this new development. Can there be anyone so insular or so churlish as to grudge this mite? As Mr. Whitley said, the cost will be returned tenfold, perhaps a hundredfold, in the advertisement that what the Motherland gives is the best in the world.

Continued from the previous column

serves privacy, which means a great deal to the patients."

"Pewter goblets at every bedside? How hard to keep clean!"

"But how long they have lasted: nearly five hundred years. And how lovely they look!"

Perhaps the visitor's eye strays toward the chapel at the end of the ward. There is an answer for that too. The people here are old and simple and poor. They have loved their Church all their lives. Finding a bit of it here makes it home for them, home for their hearts and their souls, and with peace of soul comes healing.

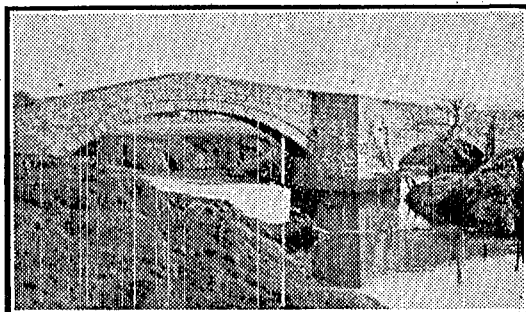
Is there not here yet another proof that the things of the soul and the mind are more real than those of the body?

February 4, 1933

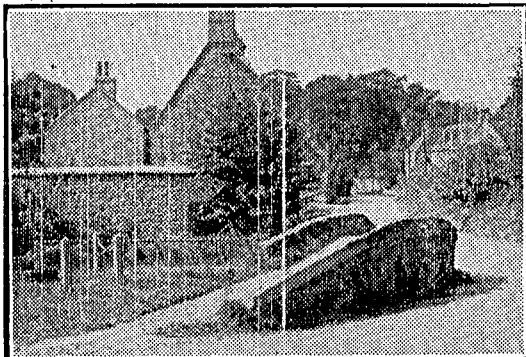
The Children's Newspaper

9

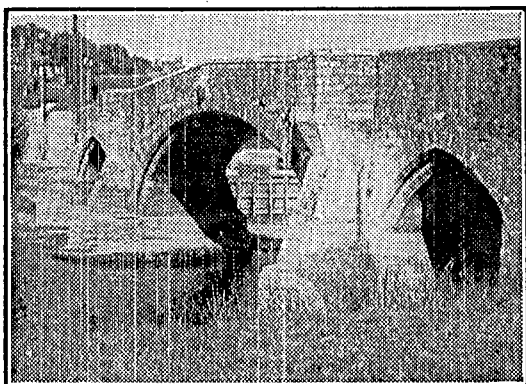
SOME OF THE ANCIENT BRIDGES THAT HAVE BEEN SAVED FOR THE NATION



Bellasis Bridge, Northumberland



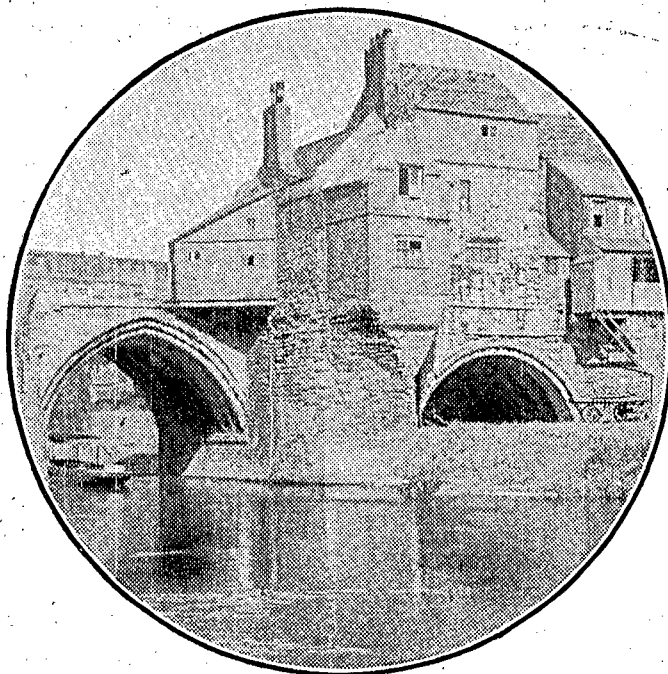
Charwelton Bridge, Northamptonshire



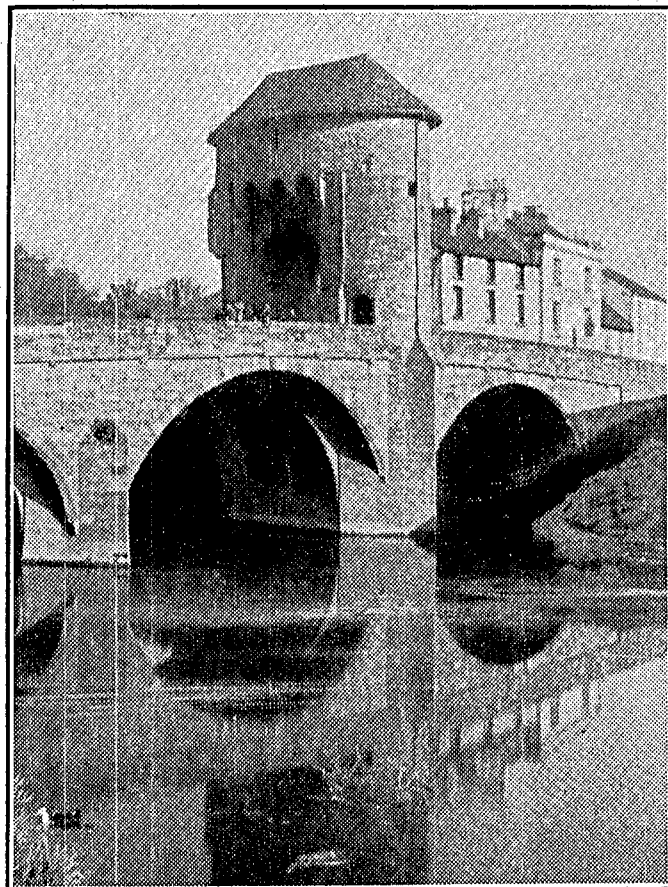
Aylesford Bridge, Kent



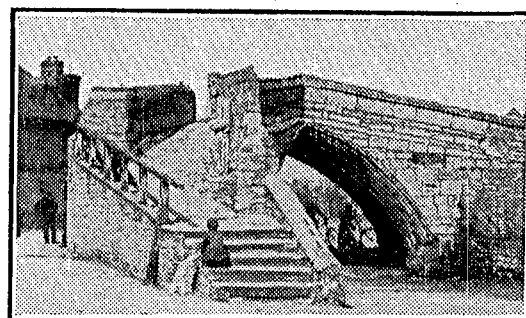
Brandon Bridge, Suffolk



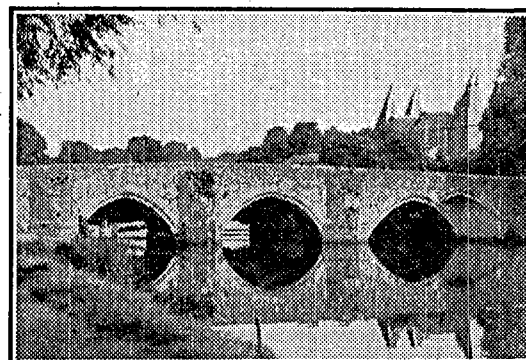
Elvet Bridge, Durham



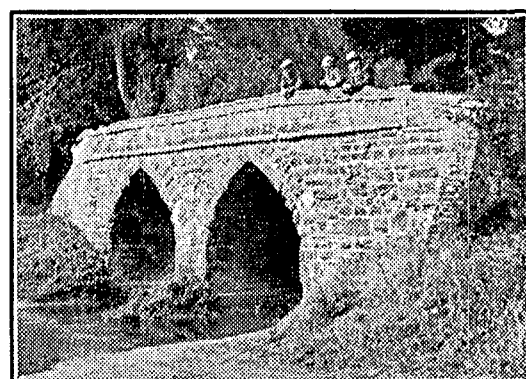
Monnow Bridge, Monmouth



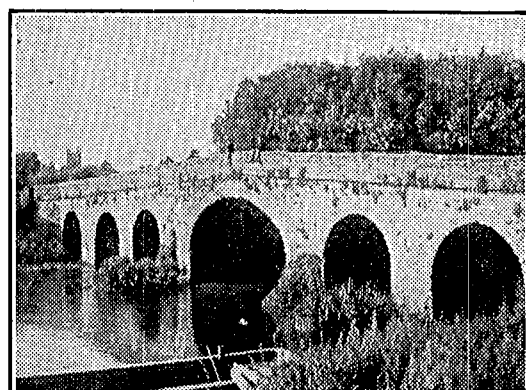
Crowland Bridge, Lincolnshire



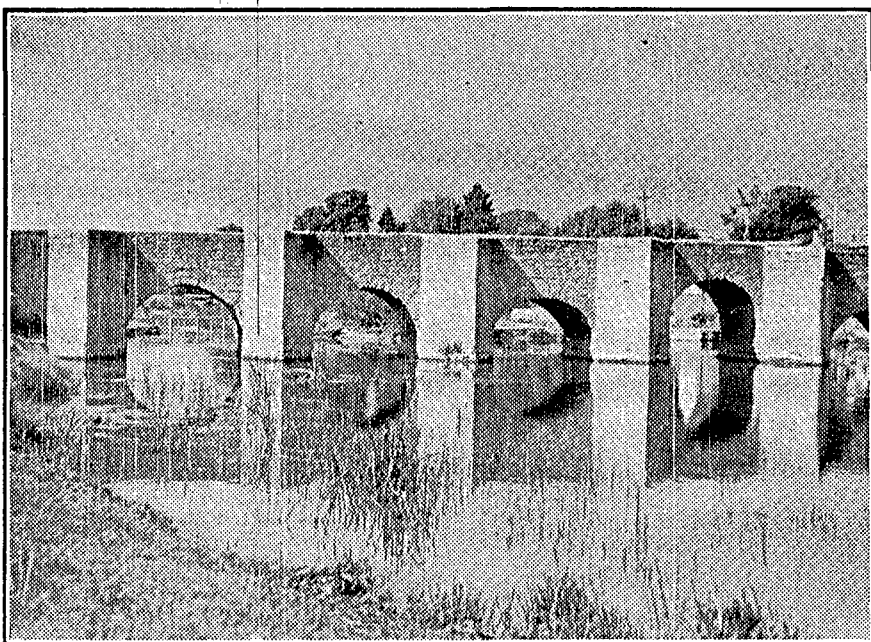
East Farleigh Bridge, Kent



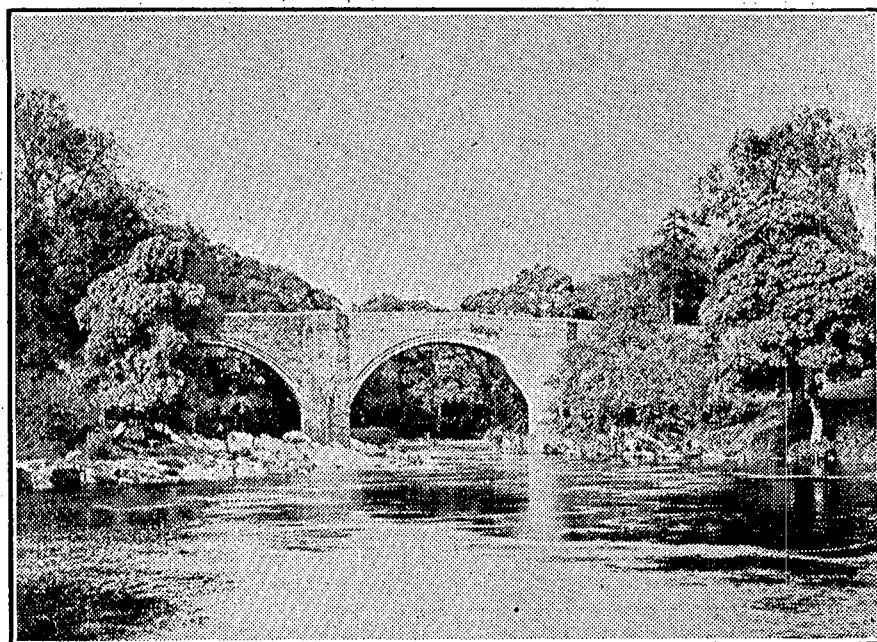
Sutton Packhorse Bridge, Bedfordshire



Pershore Bridge, Worcestershire



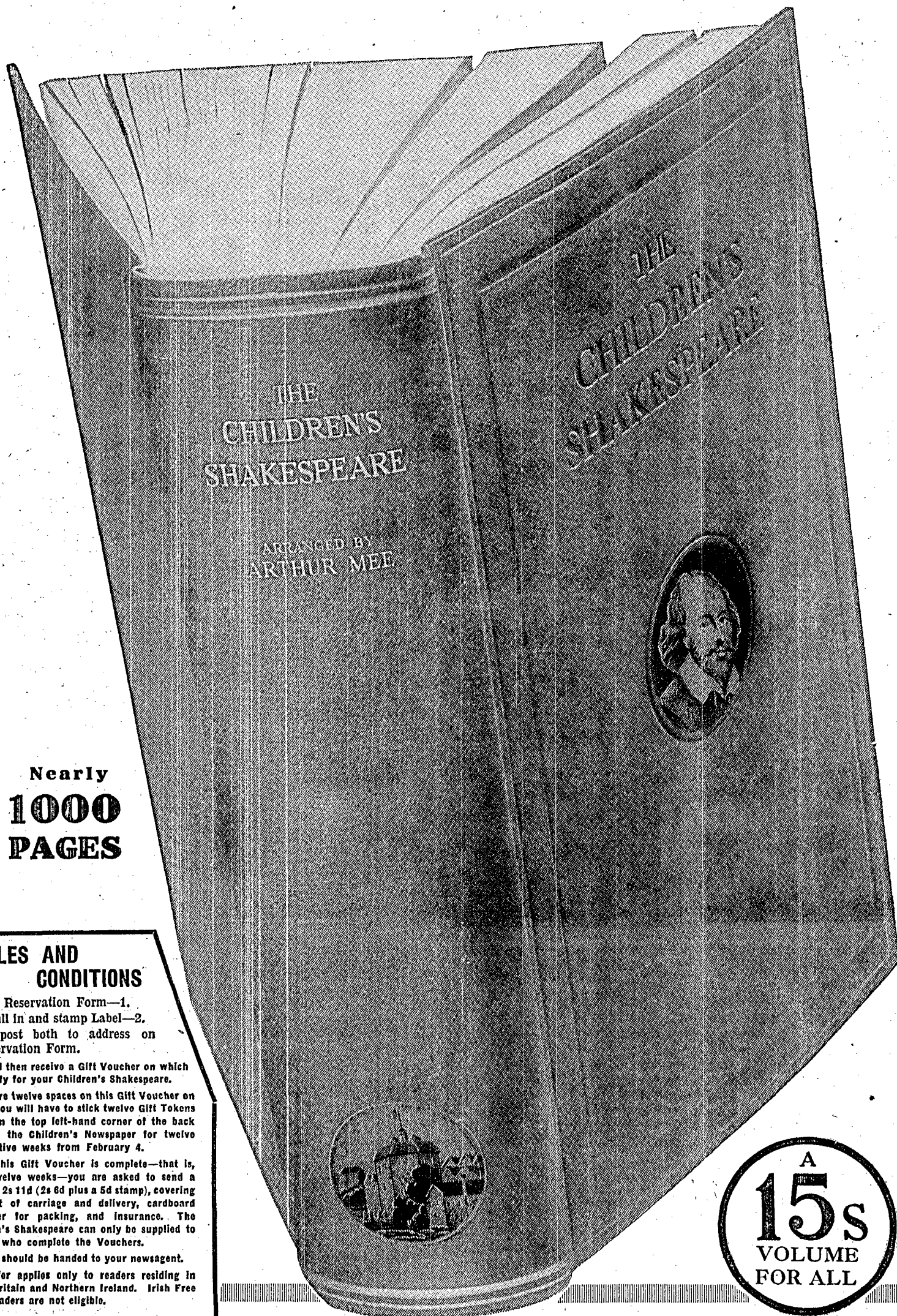
Bidford Bridge, Warwickshire



Devil's Bridge, Kirkby Lonsdale, Westmorland

The reconstruction of England's roads in recent years has threatened many of our old and beautiful bridges. So far 219 have been saved for the nation and fifty or sixty more are thought to be worthy of preservation. We give on this page pictures of a few that have been saved. In certain cases the roads have been diverted to save the bridges.

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prouder height than ou
has reached a prouder
Shakespeare; and here
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stories, with 22 of the g
arranged for any child
understand. In all the
is nothing so wonder
very little money will b

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The Mirac

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matters; in it he did
wonderful thing that ha
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36 plays. He went bac
ford and saved his father
He bought the best ho

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...e properly spelled, the type
...rything difficult is explained.
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Up to now it has been possible to buy this book only in two volumes for 15s, but to celebrate the 14th birthday of the C.N. we are printing it for our readers in one volume and offering it for the nominal sum of 2s 11d, which covers the cost of a protecting carton, insurance, and delivery.

For this small sum C.N. readers may now buy this magnificent edition of the most wonderful book made by one man since books began.

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town. He made his mother proud to see her son among the greatest in the land.

We can only say that it was all a miracle, for in a few years this boy from Stratford Grammar School had built up for himself imperishable fame, had given his country a glory greater than all her kings, and had set in the world something that would march along the ages and shape the minds of millions of people not yet born.

The Great Gallery of Marvellous People

What book can stand beside Shakespeare and not seem a poor dull thing? Where are such tales as his? Where is to be found so big a world in little as in his plays? Here are the very best of them, in Shakespeare's words, with all the wonder of his magic made easy to understand; and enshrined in it all is the spirit of the greatest Englishman who ever walked in our green fields. Never were words set to such majestic music, and this wondrous thing is ours, the heritage of every child who speaks our tongue, of every child who loves a tale.

Here is Julius Caesar struck down by the hand of his friend. Here is Brutus in his tent. Here is Harry home from Agincourt, Lady Mac-

beth walking in her sleep, King Lear in the storm on the heath, Arthur pleading that Hubert will not put out his eyes, Caliban creeping about his island, King Richard asking for a little little grave, John o' Gaunt dying with a broken heart for love of this dear dear land, this realm, this England, Hamlet wondering what to do, Falstaff gathering his ragged troops or babbling of green fields, Ariel doing his wonders in a twink, Shylock creeping in the shadows of the walls of Venice—here are they all, in a book that will thrill you now and be a feast for your mind as long as life shall last.

Shakespeare's Pen in London?

When Edmund Spenser died the poets gathered round his grave in the Abbey and dropped into it their pens. Shakespeare's pen may still be there. (*What he wrote with it is yours.*) When Shakespeare died they gathered together his plays and printed them; they made them into such a book as Shakespeare never saw. Here is the very best of it—Comedy, Fantasy, History, Tragedy; life as it is, and has been, and always will be.

There is nothing better that a man has left in the world for you though you should search the whole world for it.

Arthur Mee

**Kind of the Greatest Englishman
Every Child of the English Race**

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THE ITALIAN GUILDS

A NATION ORGANISED FOR WORK

The Bodies That Make Up the Corporative Fascist State EVERYTHING AND EVERYONE

The organisation of the workers of Italy, employers and employed, is now for practical purposes complete, and an official account of the great corporations into which Italian industry is divided shows that the working people represented on them number eleven millions.

The Italian State has been called a Corporative State, but a title we can more easily understand is a Guild State.

There are eight of these Italian Guilds, standing for:

Agriculture
Industry
Commerce
Land and Water Transport
Sea and Air Transport
Banking and Insurance
Artisans and Craftsmen
Professions and the Arts

The Italian State is by its written Constitution based on respect for work, only a person who does honest work being regarded as worth consideration as a citizen. The idea of banding all workers together in Guilds is to help them to help themselves by mutual aid. The Guilds are not Socialist in a political sense; they can own capital or businesses; but they are Socialist in the sense that they have common aims and are expected to work with public spirit.

Strikes and Lockouts Illegal

The fact that these Guilds are organised and assisted in industrial questions by a special labour court of law banishes both strikes and lockouts, which are made illegal. If any dispute arises between employers and employed it is thrashed out by the Guild, and if it cannot be settled by mutual bargaining it is finally referred to the labour court of justice. While the arguments are going on work proceeds as usual.

The biggest Confederation is that of Agriculture, there being nearly three million land-owning or crop-sharing farmers and nearly three million persons who are either farm tenants or labourers.

Next comes industry, with about two and a half million employers, and employed. Commerce, in its turn, represents nearly 800,000 employers and about 800,000 workers.

Interesting, too, are the groups of free artisans, or people working on their own account. Italy is rich in craftsmen of this type, and they have a special Confederation to themselves numbering nearly 600,000.

Then professional men and artists of every sort also have a special Guild.

The Claims of Country

The existence of such national Guilds is helpful not only in relation to rates of remuneration, but for every purpose of industry. The member of a Guild becomes a responsible person whose work is related to the general welfare and who is expected to do his best for his country.

Educational work, beneficent institutions, and the general organisation of industry are alike facilitated.

A recent settlement of pay and conditions in the Italian cotton industry illustrates the work of the Guilds. An agreement has been reached providing for an increase in the number of looms and spindles per worker, and higher wages are to be paid when more machines are handled.

An agreement on these lines has just been made in this country, but not until calamitous stoppages of work had occurred. Under the Italian system the same sort of agreement was arrived at, but without the stoppages of work.

OUR WONDERFUL PUBLIC SERVICES

Big Chapter in Our Social History

HUNDREDS OF MILLIONS

The Government has issued an official account of our Public Social Services.

These services affect directly tens of millions of our people. Indirectly they affect almost all. As recently as the year 1900 our social services consisted mainly of public moneys spent upon education and the relief of the poor, although small sums were also devoted to housing, public health, and lunatics.

The whole of these things, however, in the year 1900, cost the Government no more than £36,000,000. In 1930 the British social expenditure was over £463,000,000.

The Growth of Thirty Years

There are two ways of looking at this growth of some 30 years. Some people think the increase has been too rapid; others urge that it only looks so great because the Government in 1900 neglected services that were sorely needed.

For example, in 1900 old people were paid no Old Age Pensions, but were left to destitution or charity. Again, if a man was unemployed in 1900 he received no public help save what he could get from the Guardians of the Poor or the workhouse. Then, again, there were no Widows and Orphans Pensions in 1900 and no National Health Insurance.

Above all, in 1900 the World War had not been fought and there was no great bill to meet for war pensions.

These matters are so important and so little understood that we give the chief details, comparing 1900 with 1930. The figures stand for millions of pounds.

	1900	1930
Education ..	20 millions	104 millions
Unemployment ..	Nothing	102 millions
Health ..	Nothing	39 millions
Old Age and Widows Pensions ..	Nothing	72 millions
War Pensions ..	Nothing	49 millions
Poor Relief ..	12 millions	42 millions
Housing ..	1 million	37 millions
Public Health ..	1 million	9 millions

This little table might well be learned by heart by every British citizen. It is really something to be proud of, for it shows how the public sense of responsibility has grown. It also helps us to understand why it is that our country has come through three years of intense trade depression with comparatively small injury to the bulk of our people. The destitute have been rescued, the aged have been pensioned, the war sufferers and their families aided, the unemployed workman has been kept going, the sick have been succoured.

To do these many things important Acts of Parliament have been passed, the greater number of which became law after 1906.

WHO WAS AESCHYLUS?

Born, Eleusis, 525 B.C. Died, Sicily, 461 B.C.

The father of Greek drama was born of noble family, and before giving his mind wholly to poetry shared with his brothers the perils of war against the Persians. His successful first appearance in the dramatic contest was in 484, when he won the prize with the trilogy of which The Persians formed part.

Afterwards he enjoyed a series of thirteen victories, interrupted by the advent of Sophocles. This defeat, coupled with indignation at the doubts cast upon his piety, caused him to retire to Sicily, where, after other poetic triumphs, he died.

Only seven of the sixty plays ascribed to him are extant, but these place him on a pinnacle of unapproachable height.

FROM SQUAWKIES TO TALKIES

New Recording Process

HOME FILMS WITH SOUND AND COLOUR

Some people think that a better name for the Talkies is the Squawkies. This was certainly true of the first sound films, and is still true of some; but often the reproduction of voices and music is now quite good.

Two Spanish engineers have invented a new method of reproducing sound by photo-electric means and it is claimed as an advance on any system now in use. Besides being easier, and less costly it is said to register sounds of higher frequencies, and at a demonstration in the National Institute of Physics and Chemistry in Madrid the experts were impressed by the beautiful reproduction of the notes of an orchestra.

Important Projects on Foot

The non-inflammable films of the two small sizes used in home projectors are becoming very popular, and important projects are on foot for increasing the number of educational and travel films which can be hired from film libraries.

Three new projectors have been perfected during the past few months which make talking-pictures in the home possible. By sacrificing the perforations at one side of the film, the other perforations sufficing quite well to pull the film through the projector, it has become possible to have a sound track as wide as in the full-sized film. Full-sized films are copied on these home-sized films, and the music and talking are reproduced with wonderful clearness.

Added to the sound, arrangements are being made for home films in colour; next summer amateur photographers will be able to take their own moving-pictures in natural colours. The home talking-picture apparatus is portable, and all fits into a small-sized suitcase and works with current supplied from the ordinary electric lamp socket.

If the brains of the theatrical side of the kinema world were half as good as those of the scientific branch it would be a truly wonderful industry.

LONDON IN PICTURES

A Beautiful Little Book

London. By E. O. Hoppé. Medici Society. 7s 6d.

This charming work is a contribution to the Picture Guide series of European towns, and so beautiful are its 150 pictures, and so attractively written are its chapters, that it holds its own with the volumes devoted to Rome, Venice, and Florence.

Mr Hoppé, of course, is an artist and something of a poet as well as a photographer, and he has caught the mood of London at her loveliest, whether he has taken his picture in the high noon of summer or in the mellow evening of autumn. London's river and London's parks are here in all their romance, and her famous buildings are made to stand out in stately dignity.

Mr Hoppé has already shown us the Dominions in handsome books, and we welcome this volume because it is one which every visitor from the Dominions to their Mother City should use as a guide. It is packed with history in its most human phases; for example, the little chapter called London's Village tells one in a few pages enough of Chelsea to compel the most unromantic of mortals to pay it a visit.

Few towns have such a wealth of charming scenes as London, which, as the author points out, is carefully guarding precious little secrets which can only be found by a treasure-seeker.

The B.B.C. last year received 125,000 letters in connection with the Children's Hour broadcasts.

21 YEARS OF DOING GOOD THINGS

SIR LIONEL EARLE

His Great Work As Guardian of Our National Treasures

BIRDS AND BEETLES

Sir Lionel Earle, who, as Permanent Secretary to the Office of Works for 21 years, has done so much to foster the national appreciation of its buildings, old and new, has ended his official career and is retiring into private life.

We are sure, from his excellent record as a servant of the State, that he will continue to be one of our foremost leaders in promoting the popular interest in all that recalls the ancient glories of our Motherland and educating public taste so that this generation shall not only preserve the past, but shall hand on worthy monuments of its own.

A Power Behind Improvement

Sir Lionel Earle has been the quiet power behind many of the vast improvements that have taken place in our national property since the Armistice. His controlling hand is to be seen in every bright, new post office in our towns, in the employment exchanges, in the Customs offices, in the new telephone exchanges, and in every alteration to a Government office.

Every London schoolboy knows the Science Museum, and how rightly it is planned to display the modern miracles he loves. Every American extols the beauty of the new British Embassy at Washington. Sir Lionel is the official responsible for the right architects being chosen for all these buildings and for the furnishings and details being carried out in good taste.

The Best Advertisements

In respect of buildings erected by the Office of Works abroad, whether permanent or for a temporary exhibition, it redounds greatly to the credit of our country in the eyes of foreigners if they are fair to see. Good buildings are the best advertisements, for everybody sees them, if only in a picture.

But not only in the development of our arts and crafts has Sir Lionel made his influence felt; he has helped us all to love Nature a little more. Passionately devoted to birds and flowers, he has revolutionised the appearance of our national parks. New flowers appear; Sir Lionel has obtained them from a native Indian prince, or a Colonial official, or a Department in our Dominions. Strange wildfowl display their gorgeously coloured wings on the shores of a public lake; Sir Lionel has had a present from Africa. Our native birds have not been replaced for foreign birds; on the contrary, bird sanctuaries have been established in every park under his control, and his example has been followed all over the country.

Thanks Three Times Over

One thing more; his advent to the Office of Works came when there was a grave danger to our ancient buildings. Modern progress was tending to sweep them away as useless lumber, or the American was appreciating their gems of craftsmanship and carting them across the seas. By his enthusiastic working of the Ancient Monuments Act of 1913, and by gathering around him all men and women interested in the preservation of the abbeys, castles, bridges, old houses, and other treasures scattered over the face of the Motherland, Sir Lionel has not only scheduled some 3000 such monuments, but has aroused a great national interest in them.

Each of these three branches of beneficent activities would suffice to ensure a nation's gratitude to its servant, so Sir Lionel Earle receives our thanks three times over.

THE ROAD TO LONDON'S DOCKS

Bang Goes a Slum

SAVING £1000 A DAY

It is strange to think that the main road linking the world's greatest city with its chief docks should be narrow and winding in so many places.

That has been the case in the East End of London for many years, but it is rapidly being altered. In 1930 began the work of making a broad highway, and one section is ready for use. It includes a great bridge across the River Lea at Canning Town. This new structure, which has been built alongside the narrow old bridge, has ample room for six lines of traffic.

While this bridge has been taking shape the destruction of a slum has been going on to make room for another very interesting section of the new highway. For a distance of three-quarters of a mile on a front 40 yards wide every house has been demolished.

A Great Viaduct

On this newly-cleared land in West Ham a great viaduct is to rise, and already 470 concrete piles have been driven deep into the ground for its support. When this viaduct is complete traffic will be able to pass uninterrupted to and from the docks. At present it is slowed up by cross-roads, swing bridges, and level-crossings. The viaduct will pass over the cross-roads and the obstructions which make the others necessary.

All this work has been carried on without the busy dockland traffic being held up, and although a great slum with hundreds of houses has been demolished new ones were first erected for their inhabitants. Six hundred new houses have been built; an old cricket ground has been replaced by a new one elsewhere; and a railway station has been moved into a new position.

The whole scheme will cost about two and a half millions, but it is estimated that the saving to trade will amount to a thousand pounds a day.

PACHMANN'S MOTHER

What Was in Her Leather Bag

We hear that Pachmann, the great Russian pianist, who became a naturalised Italian, left no will, because he had nothing to leave except the memory of his beautiful playing.

The world had paid a fortune to hear him play Chopin, but he had given that fortune to his sons.

He said that if any money due to him was paid after his death it should be given to poor musicians in the land where the money was earned.

But Pachmann had one treasure, a shabby old leather bag he had carried about for 50 years. No one knew what was inside it, because it was always kept locked.

After his funeral the bag was opened, and inside was found a little wooden representation of the Madonna and Child. It was a Russian ikon, and had been given to Pachmann by his mother.

Then his friends knew why Pachmann used to refuse to go into cellars during the air raids in London. He would grasp his bag in one hand, and refuse to take shelter. It was because he believed that his mother's gift would keep him from harm.

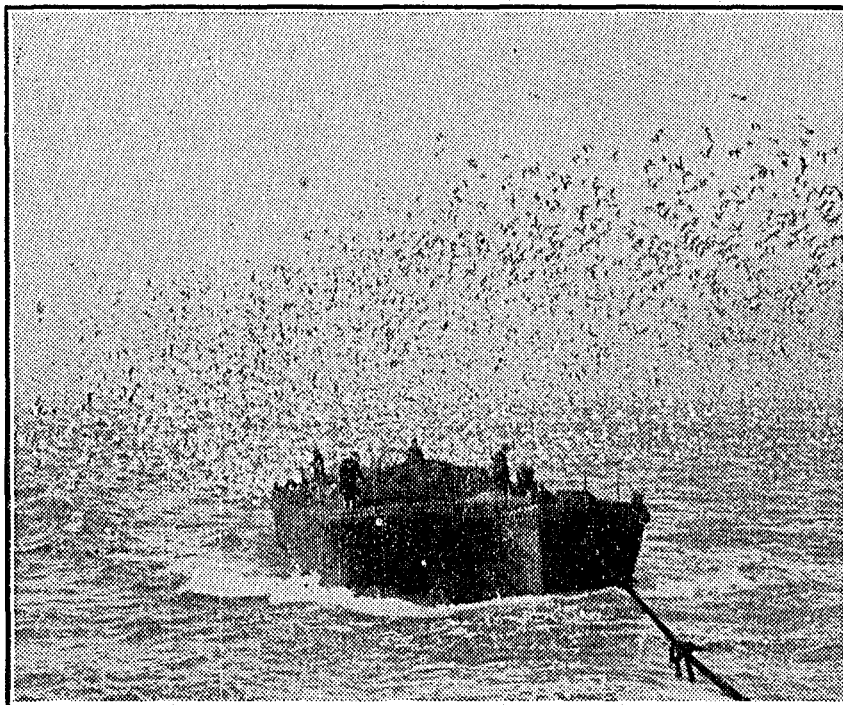
He never grew too old or too famous to remember her.

NEWFOUNDLAND FOR £10

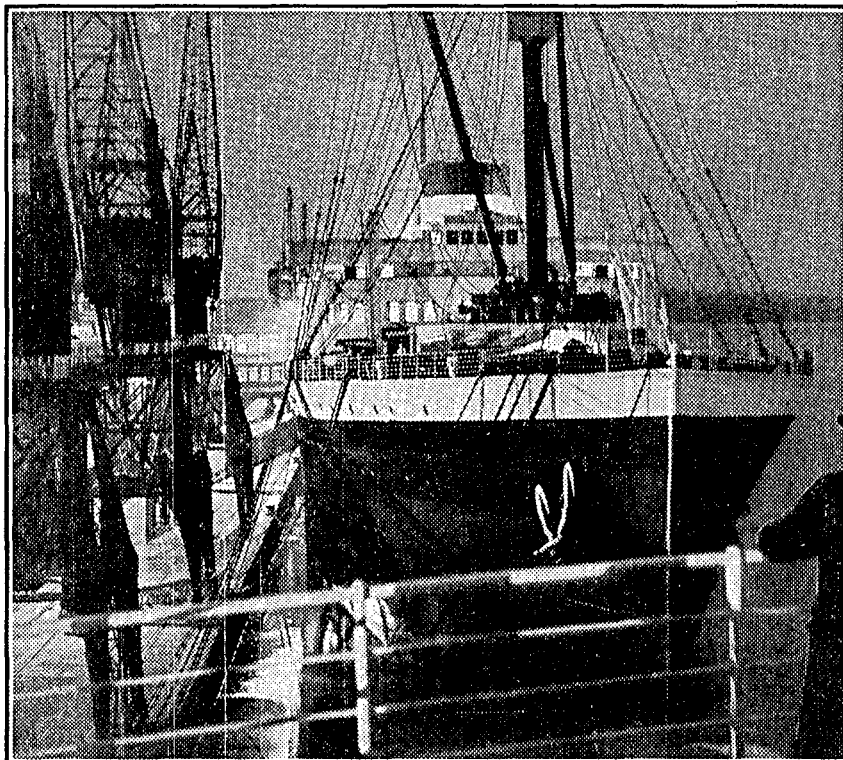
Admiral Sir Murray Anderson, who is going to be Governor of Newfoundland, reminded his friends the other day that Newfoundland was discovered by a British sailor, who got £10 for it.

Money went farther in 1497 than in 1933, but still we think Newfoundland was cheap at £10.

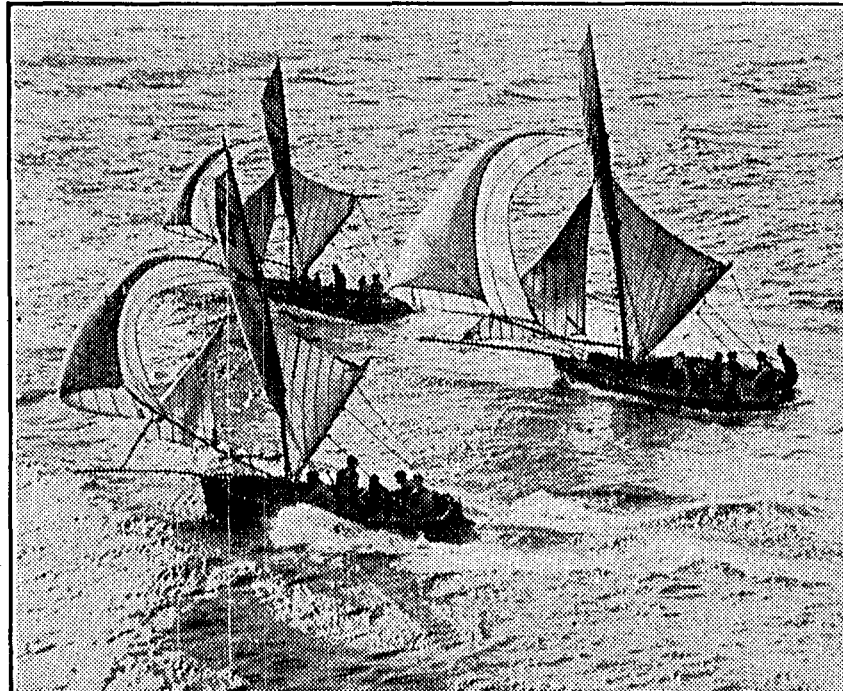
THREE PICTURES FROM THE SEA



Hungry Seagulls—As the Sunderland Corporation hopper was towed far out to sea with refuse to be dumped myriads of seagulls followed in its wake, as this striking picture shows.



The Eve of Sailing—A complex pattern of light and dark is formed by this night-time picture of our largest motor-vessel, the Georgic, using Southampton Docks for the first time.



Summer Breezes—While winter reigns in Northern climes this is the time for seaside holidays in far-away Australia. Here is the thrilling end of a race in Sydney Harbour.

THE MIDDLE OF THE STORY

Too Much Rush For Gold

AUSTRALIA'S NEW FIELDS

Much talk of gold and miners has come to Mrs Bates in her tent on the edge of the great Central Plain of Australia, within a few hundred miles of Australia's new goldfield, and she sends us the latest news.

The Granites Goldfield in Central Australia has collapsed owing to over-booming, and for the moment the field is almost deserted.

Men rushed to this far isolated spot from all parts of Australia, unequipped and moneyless, or with only enough to buy their miner's right and peg out a claim. They trusted to the financial powers for sustenance or to luck.

And now, out of the hundreds of men who made their way to the Granites, only about thirty remain. The principal discovery, called the Burdekin Duck, is still being worked and its owners are confident of success, but the great rush to the field, the absence of good water, the distance of more than three hundred miles to the railway, and the floating of doubtful ventures, all these have temporarily caused the field to be closed.

Hasten Slowly

The Government itself had rushed into all the business of proclaiming a goldfields area, establishing warden, police, civil service, and so on. And the end of all these rushes is the departure from Alice Springs of a trainload of disappointed get-rich-quick miners, who had to receive help from the Government and the residents of Alice Springs to make the journey back to civilisation.

Hasten Slowly is a wise motto for these isolated areas where gold is to be found. Water and transport should be the first considerations after gold-bearing stone has been thoroughly tested and the site examined by reliable experts.

The Granites is now settling down to solid prospecting, and there is every hope of proving that the field is a real golden discovery after all.

AN ANCIENT PADDLER

100 Million Years Ago

Some very strange footprints have lately been found at Swanage, and archaeologists have recognised them as being made by a monster over a hundred million years ago.

What is now Swanage was then a dreary marsh, through which this great beast went paddling, leaving fourteen footprints in the clay for us to find. He walked on his three-toed hind feet, helping to support himself on a massive tail, and he was tall enough to nibble foliage over 14 feet from the ground, or break down branches with his front five-toed limbs.

Iguanodon is the name we have given to this prehistoric creature. We have been able to build up an idea of its appearance from skeletons, fossilised like the Swanage footprints. Only fifty years ago 22 complete Iguanodon skeletons were found in Belgium, and a plaster cast of one is at South Kensington.

THE POSTWOMAN'S KNOCK

Are there any postwomen's knocks in England? asked a paragraph lately in the C.N., telling of an 1838 inscription in a Devon church to the cheerful postwoman, Miriam Adams, who delivered the news of the Battle of Waterloo.

One of our readers now tells us that in the little village of Preston in Hertfordshire the mails are delivered by a woman, Miss Worthington, who has only lately succeeded another postwoman, a well-known character whom everyone called Helen. It was because of ill-health that this Helen of Preston had to yield up her long-held position, and perhaps the P.M.G. was influenced by local tradition when he chose a woman to fill the vacant post.

THE WINGLESS BIRDS OF AUSTRALIA

EMUS ADVANCING ON THE FARMS

Machine-Guns Found Useless as a Defence

GRAVE DILEMMA BROUGHT ABOUT BY DROUGHT

The farmer's life is not an easy one.

Only lately we were reading of a plague of locusts which destroyed vast crops in South America. Now the news has come that in the south-west of Australia thousands of emus in search of water have invaded the agricultural settlement of Campion and other districts.

The emus have become such a menace to the farmers, and have done so much damage to the ripening wheat crops, that the Government decided to send machine-guns and a crew of Lewis gunners to protect the land from their depredations.

Terrible Weapons

Although war was declared against these great wingless birds, and one of the most terrible weapons invented by the brain of man was used against them, the emus have got the better of the Government, which has now had to withdraw the guns. The results, so a correspondent tells us, were not worth the cost of the experiment.

Although there are those among us who will sympathise with the emus the farmers were entitled to use desperate remedies. The more they tried to beat back the battalions of birds the more they continued to advance. The Central Waters which they frequent had dried up, and as another drought was in progress the poor creatures travelled eagerly toward the areas whence the scent of water came to them and the intensity of their desire to drink overcame their fear of man.

A Guerilla Warfare

It was going to be easy work, so thought the gunners. They had only to wait until several thousand birds were driven into a corner by a 20-mile front of beaters and then they would fire point-blank into the masses. But they reckoned without the intelligence of the emu, and their campaign developed instead into a guerilla warfare, the quarry almost always getting the better of them.

This national bird of Australia is usually considered to be a very stupid bird, but the farmers and gunners have now changed their opinion of them. Quick-sighted and suspicious, the emus showed remarkable ability in using cover. Their speed, for they travel at nearly 30 miles an hour, was also in their favour.

Each mob had a leader, an enormous black-plumed bird, which kept watch while the others fed on the wheat. At the first suspicious sign he would give a signal and dozens of heads stretched upward. Then would begin a headlong stampede for the scrub, the leader always remaining in the wheat until his followers had reached safety.

Warning in the Wind

As the machine-guns had little success they tried strategy. They started out at daybreak and mounted a Lewis gun on the side of a dam in the centre of a crop which had been badly plundered by the emus. A few hours later about a thousand birds emerged from the timber belt and moved slowly toward the water, feeding as they went. Through field-glasses the men in ambush watched them suspiciously raising their heads, like a multitude of periscopes, after every mouthful of food.

With long, graceful strides the birds at last approached within range of the gun. But the wind must have brought them some warning. For a moment they stood still with their heads raised

RUSSIA AS A MARKET

Immense Supply of Timber

THE BIG CHANCE OF MORE BUYERS

As one person in twelve in the world is a Russian, and as Russian territory amounts to about a seventh of the world's land, the buying and selling by Russia must become of enormous importance to the world as a whole.

Those who take the view that we can assist ourselves by ceasing to trade with foreign nations should reflect that the greater part of British wealth has been built up by such dealing in the past, and that if we do not continue such dealing our country must decline in importance and wealth.

Trade with Russia only needs encouragement to grow healthily. The conception that Russia can flood the world with manufactured goods is far from the truth, for Russia is not yet able to produce a fraction of the manufactured goods required by her people. Russia needs to import an enormous quantity of goods of many descriptions, and we have not taken our proper share of the Russian import trade.

Canadian Interests

It is stated that an agreement has been made between a great English timber company and Russia for the importation this year of some 400,000 standard of timber (a standard is 100 cubic feet of timber).

It is said that the Canadian timber interests do not like this Russian timber trade; but the long haul from Canada does not enable us to buy the Canadian product as cheaply as the Russian. This is important, because timber forms a considerable item in the cost of houses.

Meanwhile, Canada herself is reported to be proposing to barter Canadian cattle for Russian oil. Canadian opinion in the great Prairie Provinces is in favour of such a deal, which accords with common sense. There ought to be such dealings between such countries, each of which is well able to serve the other.

Continued from the previous column

inquiringly. Then, at the sharp rat-tat-tat of the gun, they stampeded in all directions, raising great clouds of dust.

Only a dozen birds fell and no more firing could be done as the gun was jammed and put out of action. Although many more were wounded, and mercifully killed as soon as possible afterwards, only comparatively few among them were destroyed.

After two days of waiting in the blazing sun another attempt was made to surprise the emus at their drinking-place. It seemed as if they would never come. Perhaps they had discovered a water-hole in the scrub.

Hope was almost given up when a flock of them appeared.

They showed plainly, by even more constant craning of their necks, that they had not forgotten the fright of two days before, but their terrible thirst had driven them to the water. This time about 50 birds were killed; but of over 2000 rounds of ammunition used much had been wasted.

As the emus travel so fast and have more feathers than flesh they make almost impossible targets for Lewis gunners; in fact, they are nearly as invulnerable as Achilles of old. Only a hit in a vital spot will stop them, and they run for miles when badly wounded.

From Queensland comes the news that 150,000 emus have been destroyed by farmers who are desperately trying to save the produce of a year's work from being laid waste. In their trek toward water the birds have invaded many pastures and corn districts and have smashed down fences, damaged young trees and plants, and trampled down many fields and paddocks.

One wonders whether another chapter is on its way from Australia of this very sad story.

THE WATER MIRACLE

Some Facts and a Great Truth

48,000 GALLONS A YEAR FOR EVERY HOME

We are so accustomed to abundant water supplies, and to treat water as though it could be wasted with impunity, that it is well that we should be reminded what a gigantic industry the water business has become.

In most towns the local authorities carry on the water trade. The number of gallons produced is stupendous, and difficult to realise when figures are given. In millions of gallons it is 480,900 (that is, 480,900,000,000 gallons). As there are only about ten million families in the country this means that every year 48,000 gallons of water are produced for every family in the country!

Of course this tremendous amount of water a family is not directly used by families, but they get the benefit of it, for obviously they are indirect users of the water supplied to manufacturers, railways, builders, and so on. The quantity used in building is very great, to say nothing of such purposes as watering streets and supplying public baths.

What is Paid For Water

The sum paid every year for water is great. In 1930 it amounted to £22,289,000. In view of the enormous production of water this price does not seem by any means too large.

Of the total quantity of water produced, local authorities are responsible for more than four-fifths.

The construction and repair of waterworks, reservoirs and aqueducts in the course of a year costs nearly £6,000,000.

The number of people employed in the production of water is surprisingly small, less than 30,000. What an astonishing fact it is that so few people maintain the waterworks, reservoirs, the great network of pipes, all the machinery and plant, and conduct all the necessary administrative work, including the collection of accounts.

The truth about this is very instructive. It is a case in which we have almost absolute economy of production and supply. There is no competition in the trade, which is carried on purely as a public utility, not to make profit but to give service.

WORK FOR ONE MAN MORE

Girl Guides Set Things Moving

Most C.N. readers know that all over the world Scouts and Guides are trying to help the unemployed people of their respective countries.

From Denbighshire news comes that the Guides of this county have adopted an unemployed man.

Last year they collected or earned money in all kinds of ways. During Guide Week a wallet was taken round the district into which contributions were placed by the Guides themselves.

When they had enough money to start somebody in work they had a difficult problem to select an unemployed man out of so many deserving cases. They invited several organisations to send names, and finally chose a married man of Penycae, near Wrexham. He told them that his best chance of employment would be by starting a business as a carrier. Within 24 hours the energetic Guides had bought, licensed, and insured for him a two-ton Morris lorry. The man soon obtained a contract and started work by carrying milk to Liverpool.

We hope all the Guides in our little island will follow this example so that there may be at least one more happy family in every county.

THRIFT DOING WELL

Last Year With the Friendly Societies

ONE OF THE FINE ACHIEVEMENTS OF OUR TIME

Last year was one of great industrial depression, with close on three million unemployed; but such has been the spirit of our people that, instead of becoming reckless in adversity, they have become more thrifty and more resolved to bear one another's burdens than ever.

All the large Insurance and Building Societies report more progress during 1932, and the Friendly Societies have added both to their membership rolls and to their financial reserves, which now amount to nearly £100,000,000.

Their total voluntary membership is 7,254,000, while over five million, a third of the insured population, are insured by the State through these societies. Their organisation is a great support to the country in difficult times as they foster a spirit of brotherhood both in their own several societies and in association with similarly constituted societies. The two largest, the Manchester Oddfellows and the Foresters, numbering together nearly two million members, made grants to a special unemployment fund which they opened for contributions from those of their members who were in better circumstances than their neighbours.

One of the principal services these societies render to their members is the increasing aid they give in enabling them to purchase their homes while they are in the prime of life. It is a policy that makes for a settled, contented people, with results that go far beyond the immediate family and strengthen the morale of the nation.

A VERY GOOD IDEA

Green Leaves For Dry

A reference library means to many people dull books and dry leaves. But not so to the Liverpool boys of Huyton Hill Preparatory School, for the leaves in their reference library are only dry in the autumn. The rest of the year they are green and waving in the wind.

It is a tree library—a splendid idea. Each boy is encouraged to plant a tree himself, look after it, and learn all about it. Nearly every common British tree is here for reference, so that instead of looking up a tree in a book the boys can look up at the tree itself.

The same sort of idea is being carried out at the Birkenhead Institute, and we hope these miniature Kew Gardens will spread all over the country. It may become a saying that you cannot see a school for the trees.

THE SAD STORY OF A HARD-BOILED EGG

The Road That Led To Prison

A young man in Paris found a new way of making money, and he is now in prison.

He would go to a café and demand a hard-boiled egg. He would strike the egg on the table, whereupon he would be sprayed with yolk. Then he would make a terrible scene, and the manager would apologise, and pay for the young man's spoiled suit. As for the waiter who had made such a blunder of the young man's order, we suppose he was punished.

But the other day the young man's indignant remarks were interrupted by a detective.

"I asked for a hard-boiled egg," cried the young man, and the detective said, "Yes, and you were served with one. You have changed it for a soft-boiled egg. It was very clever, but you have been clever once too often."

So the conjurer was marched off to prison. After all, there is only one safe way of making money, and that is by working for it.

SUN-SPOTS

A RESTFUL PERIOD

The Brilliant Solar Clouds as Astronomers See Them

MAGNETIC STORMS

By the C.N. Astronomer

The Sun is now in a very restful state and his surface fairly quiescent, for we are approaching the period of what is called Sun-spot Minima.

This means that those great and violent cyclonic storms which rend the Sun's brilliant surface of light-and-heat-radiating cloud are much reduced in number and intensity.

On many days during the last six months the Sun's disc has appeared entirely free from those fascinating blemishes known as sun-spots.

As many of these so-called spots are solar tornadoes, large enough to envelop several Earths at once, the term spot is scarcely adequate. Long ago, when telescopic magnification was small, the areas of these storms appeared as spots relatively dark against the otherwise brilliant solar disc; and as their true character was not then known they were just called sun-spots.

As such they appear to the naked eye on those rare occasions when they are large enough to be seen through deeply tinted or smoked glasses. These glasses are very necessary, for to look direct at the Sun would injure the sight; what is more, the intense glare would, except near sunrise or sunset, render any spots invisible. Greater precautions are needed if glasses or hand telescopes are used; they are, in fact, better left alone.

There is, however, very little to be seen now, nor will there be for the next three or four years as regards these sun-spots. By the latter half of next year the actual minimum of storm disturbance on the Sun is expected to take place. Then several weeks may pass without a single spot being seen.

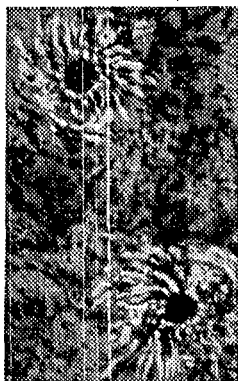
Tornadoes of Fire

The Sun is nevertheless of great interest if observed through a powerful astronomical telescope suitably equipped with a sun-prism. His surface is then seen to be covered with innumerable yellowish-white clouds of great brilliancy. Each cloud is on an average large enough to cover most of Britain, and so plentiful are these clouds that they have been likened to rice grains spread over a surface.

These solar clouds are not unlike the forms often assumed by our cirrus clouds, or seen in our mackerel-back sky, frequently being arranged into patterns by the solar atmospheric currents. But, unlike our relatively chieflly of oxygen and hydrogen, those on the Sun are made up of the glowing vapours of metals and other elements at a white heat.

They are at a temperature averaging about 6000 degrees Centigrade, and so constitute a fiery mist at least twice as hot as the flame of a Bunsen burner.

This incandescent cloud surface is known as the Sun's photosphere, or light-sphere; and it is when it is disrupted by solar tornadoes of fire that we observe what are called sun-spots. When these sun-spots are at their maximum (which last occurred in 1927) over a hundred may at times be counted spread around the Sun's equatorial



A photograph taken at Mount Wilson Observatory showing two sun-spots and the cloud-enveloped surface of the Sun

TRAINS ASTRAY

QUEER ADVENTURES ON THE RAILWAY

Father Christmas Mail Bags Lost and Found

THE ENGINE DRIVER WHO LOST HIS WAY

It is very exceptional for carriages or trucks to lose their way on the railways, but twice has it occurred in the past few weeks.

The earlier misadventure concerned a truck which hid itself at Milford Haven, with one of the most prized loads imaginable—Christmas presents.

Few cargoes are more carefully checked on their journey than our Christmas mails; officials of the Post Office and the railways being as scrupulous as Father Christmas himself, and almost invariably as punctual. It was not until a sudden glut of fish was landed at Milford Haven that the local porters pulled out the truck from a siding, when they found within it 48 bags of Christmas mail for towns in South Wales!

An Unknown Landscape

The other adventure was in France, where something extraordinary happened to a train which was travelling between Paris and Bourges. It lost its way.

When the train arrived at Vierzon it was divided as usual into two parts, the tail being moved on to the line running to Chateauroux. The head should have gone on to Bourges, but it did nothing of the kind.

Some of the regular passengers, who were putting their things together and were expecting to get out at the next station, were amazed to find themselves running through an unknown landscape.

Bridges, level-crossings, and unfamiliar stations flashed past them and they began to grow anxious. What could be happening? They might have been in a ghost train.

The Train Stopped

At last one of them could stand it no longer. Year in and year out he had travelled by season ticket and knew every telegraph pole of the usual route. He did not intend to be taken any farther out of his way. He stopped the train by pulling the communication cord.

At a lonely, deserted part of the line the train pulled up. Everybody jumped out, and there was a buzz of excited talk. The guard and engine-driver stood looking round them in perplexity and neither a map nor a compass could be found.

Where could they be? Nobody knew. Finally the chatter became less voluble and it was decided to travel on to the next station.

There were sighs of relief when the lost travellers were able to alight on a platform and feel in touch again with the real world.

Here there was another delay while arrangements were made for the train to go back to its starting point. Eventually the unfortunate passengers thought themselves fortunate when they arrived three hours late at their destination.

Continued from the previous column

regions. The main cyclonic storm centres are often in couples, one revolving the reverse way to the other; and there is a great outpouring of electro-magnetic radiation which affects the Earth in many ways.

This is chiefly exhibited in electro-magnetic disturbances, known as magnetic storms, which affect the growth of crops and the Earth's rainfall as a whole; they also produce extremes of weather, very cold winters and very hot summers.

The reverse is the case now that we are near sun-spot minima. G. F. M.

THE GREEN MAMBA AT THE ZOO

AN UNPLEASANT SURPRISE

Dangerous Snake That Needs Careful Handling

WHEN THE BOX WAS OPENED

By Our Zoo Correspondent

The Reptile House at the Zoo has acquired a beautiful but ill-tempered inmate with a stain on its character.

This reptile is a green mamba, the most dreaded of the African venomous snakes. It was hurried to the Zoo from Glasgow, where it had been responsible for a nasty bite.

The Zoo keeps a supply of antidote serum for almost every kind of snake bite, and the first intimation the menagerie received of the presence of this mamba in Glasgow was a request for a dose of the mamba serum.

Marked Harmless

Apparently the deadly snake had arrived at a dealer's shop in Glasgow in a box marked Harmless Snake. All unsuspectingly the dealer's assistant opened the box and grasped its occupant.

The snake turned and bit the man, but no notice was taken of the bite at the time, for the reptile had not been recognised as a mamba, and was believed to be non-venomous.

However, when the snake's victim began to feel ill the snake was examined and found to be the deadly mamba.

The unfortunate man was promptly rushed to hospital and the Zoo requested to send the necessary antidote serum. Meanwhile the villain of the piece was pushed back into its box, secured safely, and sent to the Regent's Park menagerie.

Half-Frozen in Transit

When he arrived at the Zoo the mamba was no longer in a biting mood. His long journey had made him torpid. He was half-frozen by the time he reached the Reptile House, and had to be given medical attention before he could be placed on view. In well-heated surroundings, under a sunlight lamp, he gradually became active again.

The green mamba is a strictly arboreal snake, and is greatly dreaded by the natives of West Africa because of its habit of dropping from trees and biting them on the shoulder as they push their way through the forest paths.

It makes a decorative exhibit, for its colouring is delicate; but it is an exacting captive, and does not take kindly to menagerie life, insisting on being fed on small snakes and frogs.

It is the only green mamba at the Zoo, for the menagerie has not possessed a specimen for some time.

WHY DOES A BICYCLE KEEP UPRIGHT?

From The Children's Encyclopedia

We know that the bicycle does not keep upright when it is still, but it does so when it is in motion. The same is the case with a hoop. The more a bicycle or a hoop moves, the more surely does it tend to keep upright. There must be something, then, in the nature of motion that keeps the bicycle upright; not something in the bicycle itself, or else it would keep upright apart from its motion.

Newton's first law of motion must be the answer. This says that a moving thing will move at a constant speed in the same straight line for ever, unless it is acted on by some other force. That is what happens to the bicycle or the hoop. It is a moving thing, set moving in a certain direction, and according to the first law of motion it must go on moving in that same line until something interferes with it, and so it keeps upright.



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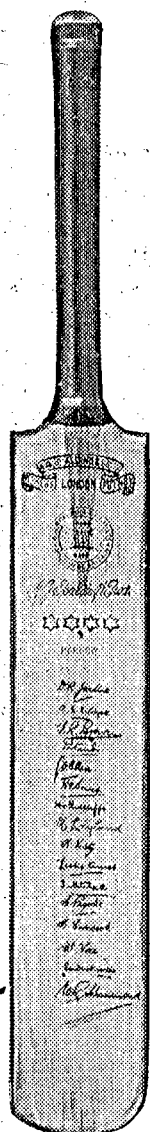
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ITS PLACE IN PHILOSOPHY

The Great Problems That
Puzzle All Mankind

WHAT SPINOZA TAUGHT

An outcast in the world 300 years ago has lately been remembered as one of its great men.

He was Baruch Spinoza, one of the most advanced thinkers Europe has known. It has taken 300 years for us to recognise the truth in this saying of his: *Men will find that their needs are best satisfied by mutual help, and only by uniting their strength can they escape the dangers that beset them everywhere.*

A Glorious Pathway

Spinoza's life-work was to go straight to the heart of the questions that puzzle all mankind: What is happiness? What is goodness? What is God? And because he answered these questions in new words which the people of his time did not understand he was banned as a heretic. He dared to publish but one book under his own name. Yet today there is an international Spinoza Society, and many a humble seeker after truth has seen a glorious pathway opening to him through Spinoza's books.

His grandfather and parents were among the earliest Portuguese refugees to come North to escape the torments of the Inquisition. Settled in Amsterdam, they were soon established in business and widely respected.

On November 24, 1632, Baruch was born. As a child he was thoroughly grounded in the Talmud, the Old Testament, and Hebrew philosophy. The writings of Descartes followed when he had learned Latin. French and Italian followed Latin; while at home he spoke Spanish and Portuguese. Mathematics and physics were added to his studies, his masters being widely-travelled men with minds kindled by the Italian Renaissance.

A Quixotic Refusal

Independent thinking was in the air, and Spinoza, at 24, found himself excommunicated from the Jewish community for his beliefs. He dropped his Jewish name of Baruch, which means Blessed, and took the Latin form of it—Benedictus.

He was modest and retiring, and shunned the ceremony of the world as likely to get in the way of his work. Some of his Quixotic deeds give us the best insight into his character. There was the occasion when, as a penniless outcast, a rich friend offered to make him his heir, but he refused to oust the rightful heir and would accept only an annuity of 300 florins.

To the request that he should accept a post as professor at Heidelberg he replied that he found life as a recluse already too agitating, and a position in the public eye would make it unbearable; so he went on filing lenses for a living, lenses so perfect that when he died they were sought after far more than his philosophies.

Following the High Trail

There is little to tell of his life. He made a few firm friends, and in his early days gathered round him a little band of disciples; but a great part of his time was spent in solitary work, living on next to nothing in one room in a painter's house at The Hague.

When deep in his studies he would spend days on end there, and once did not leave the house for three months. Then, waking to the fact that he was tired, he would sometimes go downstairs and talk to the painter or the many children of the house till, after smoking a pipe, chatting about trifles for a time, the lodger went up to his

ALL IN THE DAY'S
WORKHow the Poor Help
the PoorSTRIKING STORIES FROM THE
DISTANT WEST

Two little stories that come to us from America tell more than a whole volume could about what the plain people are like in that big country.

In a town on the Pacific Coast the city authorities were trying to keep as many as possible of their unemployed at work in the park, clearing brush and chopping wood, while the church offered these men a hot noon meal.

A woman who lived near the park noticed that when the men went to dinner they always carried a bundle of twigs or a few dead branches with them, cut into neat lengths. One day, determined to satisfy her curiosity about these strange loads, she stopped one of the men and asked what it was all about.

The man told her they had learned that there was a widow living between the park and the church who had several young children to support, and the men had made it their custom to drop something over the fence as they passed by to help her with the problem of firing during the cold weather.

Rainy-Day Work

The other story comes from a point 3000 miles farther East. A man reports a conversation with a lineman working for an electric light company whom he met as he slid down a pole on a terrifically stormy day after having spent hours of overtime repairing the damage the wind had done to the wires. The man wanted to know if it was not dangerous, working aloft in such weather. Very dangerous, the electrician said; only the most urgent work was attempted on such occasions. Mostly they did a better sort of work on rainy days.

What was this better sort of work?

They cut up old poles and took them around to poor families.

How did they find out which families needed them?

The various crews, working all over town, made tactful inquiries and learned to which families a load of wood would come as a most happy surprise.

Whether a man is unemployed and working in the city park, or battling against the elements up an electric-light pole, he likes to feel that he is able to do something for someone worse off than himself.

Continued from the previous column

lonely room again to follow the trail that was lead him to God.

Spinoza has been called a God-intoxicated man. Everything in the Universe, he said, is connected with everything else; everything is working itself out in harmony with some great cosmic law. There is no quarrel between Matter and Spirit; both are part of a vast whole, or Absolute, and that Absolute is God.

He taught that the road to both goodness and happiness lies through knowledge, which, he said, is reached in three stages. First there is opinion, based on the observation of facts and phenomena; next there is reason, based on an understanding of the laws which govern these phenomena; and finally there is intuition, or "thoughtfulness matured to inspiration."

It is like learning a foreign language. First come words and phrases, next the laws of grammar which link them together, and finally the free use of the language to express one's meaning.

It is in the third stage of knowledge, says Spinoza, that we can know that intellectual love of God which is man's highest happiness.

BEWARE
THE DANGER MONTHS
FOR
CHILDRENRoboleine
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TWENTY GOOD SHIPS

Serial Story by
Gunby Hadath

What Has Happened Before

The brave little fleet of Twenty Good Ships is scouring the Pacific for Squire Deedwinnick's son Mark, who has discovered an uncharted pearl island—and mysteriously disappeared!

The young hero of the expedition is cabin-boy Jim, whose quick wits and sturdy courage play no small part in the eventual success of the undertaking.

When at last, after thrilling adventures, they come upon "Mark's Island," they find it to all appearances uninhabited.

The Squire takes formal possession.

CHAPTER 39

Black Pearls

BEFORE Captain Ben could say more the Squire broke in. "Why do you point at my House flag?" he demanded.

"I had in mind your motto," said Captain Ben quietly. "Regard it there, emblazoned upon your emblem, *Ne Fodi*. Your family motto, Mr Deedwinnick. The which, sir, if I remember my Latin at all, is to be interpreted Delve Not?"

"Aye, I'm a forthright man," exclaimed Mr Deedwinnick; "I go straight for my end. I don't burrow. You know that, Ben Babbage."

"And yet in this affair," replied Captain Ben, "I fear me that you have no wise choice save to delve first. To begin with, I should delve the lagoon for my pearls."

"Well, and haven't we only been waiting till our stronghold was built, Ben?"

"Exactly. Then after finding my pearls I should forthwith send my word to the British Consul in Papeete."

"By wireless!"

"No; by letter," explained Captain Ben. "I should send our ship with a letter." His eyes twinkled. "And in the same letter, Mr Deedwinnick, I should lodge my formal request for a lease of the island."

"First come, first served," nodded Miles Maravin.

"Egad! They couldn't refuse me!" cried out the Squire.

"No, I think not," declared Captain Ben. "At any rate, they would never refuse you a lease of the pearling rights. On the usual terms, of course—that the Crown has its pickings."

"They can name their own royalty figure, Ben," said the Squire. He lifted his voice to the skies. "Bora Bora!" he called.

The islander came at the run. "Big Master?" he questioned.

"Bora Bora finish with building work now. Bora Bora dive tomorrow for pearls?"

"Ea! That is good!" replied Bora Bora excitedly. "The sun high now. *Puhi! Puhi!*—make haste, Big Master!" And off he darted to fetch his box with the glass in it.

"He considers today a propitious one," smiled Captain Ben.

And clearly he did, for as soon as they were in the boat, the Squire and Captain Ben with Jim and Miles Maravin, without hesitation he made them pull across the lagoon till they came above a straggling coral shelf which was plainly visible through the transparent water.

"Bora Bora believe search here, find here," he said happily.

"Do we anchor?" asked Mr Deedwinnick.

The islander smiled. "No custom," he answered. "Big Master hold boat steady. Bora Bora make ready."

Then he bowed his head and his lips began to move noiselessly; he was invoking his native deities to assist him. Next he stripped to his *pareu* and put a thick glove on his right hand; round his neck there was hung a bag of coconut fibre. Whereafter he began his deep breathing again, till his chest was nearly bursting with the stored air. And after that he put his box on his head; when, without any word or sign, he mounted the side of the boat, dropped his feet into the water, and quietly allowed his whole body to follow them. Down he went, hardly stirring the surface, feet foremost.

The water was clear as crystal. They watched him intently.

But as soon as his air-charged body was some little way down the water resisted him and would have pushed him upward again. For this he was prepared. In a flash he had turned himself down, he had somersaulted, his heels were up, his head down. And down—and down—diving straight for the coral shelf.

This he gripped, and stood upright; with his gloved hand he worked at it; they could see him wrenching oyster shells from the coral. Shell after shell and each thrust

into the bag round his neck. It was hard for them to believe he could last out much longer, that his stock of air was not already exhausted. On the point of exhaustion, for he made a spring in the water, put his arms straight above his head, the palms pressed together, and straight as a blade he came shooting up to the surface.

They reached out their hands to him. His closed on the Squire's. And thus supported, and while Jim leaned and snatched the lidless box off his shoulders, he drew in terrible racking breaths of distress, gulping for air to get his life back again, with eyes so sightless and glazed they had judged him insensible except for the grip that his fingers kept on the hand of the Squire.

At last! He moved his shoulders and paddled a stroke, to fling one arm across the side of the boat. Then hung there, panting still, but recovering some colour, for even the pigments under his tawny skin had been blanched by the tons of water that had pent him up, deadened him, fought with him. At last! His eyes woke up. A little light played in them.

Then Bora Bora struggled into the boat, and bowed his head once more, returning thanks to his gods, while the others watched him in an unbroken silence. And when he had done he released the bag from his neck and gave it with a little smile to the Squire.

"Bora Bora no try more today," he said simply.

They had never seen Mr Deedwinnick so much moved.

"By thunder, no!" he replied in a low, husky voice. "Neither today nor tomorrow, you brave, loyal soul! I'll have a proper diving-plant brought out," he muttered. "No man risks his life any more for my pearls, Bora Bora."

But their islander's little smile had turned to a grin. "Big Master, Bora Bora mighty fine diver. Him dive plenty more when Big Master want him. *Hoi! Hoi!* Big Master open oyster shell—so!" And he made a pantomime of oyster and knife.

Out came the Squire's jack-knife and prised open one of the shells. Then Mr Deedwinnick tore the oyster out of the shell, threw the shell to one side, and began rapidly to tear at the oyster itself with his fingers.

"True pearl," whispered Bora Bora, "live in its muscles."

"I know," the Squire said breathlessly.

And all of them were holding their breath as they watched him.

He was working at the oyster's inner tissues. His forefinger closed on his thumb. He shook the viscous matter away from his hand, but finger-tip pinched thumb-tip—with something between them.

It was a pearl.

"And a black one, or I'm a Dutchman!" cried Mr Deedwinnick, as he turned it over in the palm of his hand.

And almost half the oysters yielded similar wealth.

CHAPTER 40

The Squire Splits Forces

GANNETT was moody. Because he had nothing to grouse about. He could no longer grunt his disparagement of Tom Honeyman's plum-duff. For that cryptic dish had disappeared from their table, and it went to Gannett's heart to be robbed of his grievance.

Regard him as he sat at the lower-deck mess. Before him fish was spread, with bananas and breadfruit; there were clams too, and a dish of succulent *mao*, a shellfish that Bora Bora brought from the reef. But Gannett pecked at them cheerlessly with the tip of his fork, and at every peck his long face grew steadily longer.

"Aye, I knew you'd miss my kewseene, buddy!" grinned Tom.

"His cuisine," chanted Merciful from the head of the table. "Tip-top chaps like Tom always talk in French, Gannett."

"Oh, does they?" said Gannett lugubriously. He made a little dejected prod at a clam. "What I says is tackle like this don't stay a man's stomach."

"It's jolly good to climb mountains upon," romanced Jim.

For this afternoon they were down to explore the big mountain which Mr Deedwinnick would fain have christened Mount Babbage till they persuaded him to name it Mount Jasper instead. "For Jasper," smiled Captain Ben, "has a statelier ring with it. And what should a shrimp like myself have to do with a mountain, sir?"

So Mount Jasper it was: very splendid and tall, like its namesake. Perhaps all of them ached the more to get to its summit for

Continued on the next page

ARTHUR MEE'S MONTHLY FOR FEBRUARY

The Miser Who is Ruining the World is the title of an important article in the new number of My Magazine. It points out that there is nothing fundamentally wrong with the world, and that the trouble is made by politicians. It is an entirely created crisis due to the artificial restrictions and restraints which slow down the energies of men, stop production, and interfere with the movement of goods. If the few thousands of people that make up the parliaments of the world could be brought to see what every boy should know the world could soon be put right.

Here are some of the other subjects dealt with in this issue:

The Extraordinary Frenchman

The story of Chateaubriand

Going and Coming Yet For Ever Here

The little rivers of England

The Face of the Country

The human record of perhaps a million years

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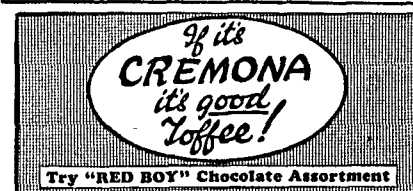
THE FIFTY FIRST PRIZES OF £2 CASKETS OF CADBURY'S CHOCOLATES have been awarded to the following competitors whose attempts came nearest to correct:—

Miss A. Abram, Liverpool; Mr. R. G. Andrews, Red-ditch; Miss K. Attenborough, Leigh, Lancs; Mrs. P. W. Bart, Oldbury; Mrs. A. Bennett, Leeds; E. Bithell, Lichfield; Mrs. E. G. Botham, Kearsley; Mr. H. Botham, Kearsley; Miss D. Clayton, Bournemouth; Miss A. Clegg, Todmorden; Miss I. Ellis, Rochester; A. G. Fairbank, Pudsey; Miss E. Goodall, Leeds; Miss M. Griffiths, Llanelli; Miss E. Hainsworth, Parsley; Miss M. Hille, Sparkbrook; Mrs. F. Holroyd, Nottingham; R. Lock, Bristol; Miss F. May, Bath; E. F. Meredith, Kidderminster; Miss F. Meredith, Stourbridge; S. A. E. Nalsh, Worcester; Mrs. L. Nicholls, Little Sutton; K. Parry, Birmingham; D. K. Payne, Southampton; M. Payne, Southampton; Mr. W. A. Phillips, Radyr; G. N. Richards, Upton; Miss B. A. Ross, Colwyn Bay; Mrs. P. M. Slaughter, Cosham; Miss C. Smalley, Farnworth; Miss B. Smith, Northampton; Mrs. G. H. Smith, Erdington; Mr. L. Smith, King's Heath; Mrs. C. L. Stafford, Kearsley; Mrs. S. P. Stafford, Icaton; Mrs. M. Sofie, Stafford; K. V. Stephens, Weston-super-Mare; Miss J. A. Stone, Walsall; Miss E. Turner, Bristol; Miss F. Turner, Bristol; Mrs. L. Vickery, Bristol; Mr. L. Vickery, Bristol; Miss F. Watts, Lydney; Miss M. West, Bath; Mrs. J. Willis, Fonce Houses; Miss E. Williams, Moss Side; Miss V. Winstanley, Wallasey; Miss E. Wood, Cardiff; Miss E. Worwood, King's Norton.

THE 500 PRIZES OF 2lb. BOXES OF "REGENT" ASSORTMENT and also the 5,000 PARCELS OF CADBURY PRODUCTS have all been awarded to the entrants next in order of merit. It is not possible, for reasons of space, to give so many names and addresses here, but the prizes have all been duly sent off to winners.

(The Competition Picture actually contained one hundred and twenty-five "Cadbury" items—Chocolate boxes, bars, tins of cocoa, etc., etc.)

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wonder of what they would see on the other side. For the mountain quite cut them off from the island's other side.

One day they had sought in a cursory fashion for a pass, but without success; and the construction of their settlement had to come first. Not the diving, for now that Mr Deedwinnick had proved the lagoon he vowed that Bora Bora's life was too valuable to be risked a second time without fuller equipment.

Jim was longing to be among the explorers, but when he hinted this to the Squire he was refused. "No, friend Jim," said he, "we have no favourites on ship-board and you're as much on shipboard here as you were on my schooner. Your post is with the flag. You will stand by your duty, friend Jim."

Then, having told off Merciful to keep Jim company, Mr Deedwinnick paraded the rest of his party.

"My lads," said he, "we've a monstrous tall mountain to tackle, and I doubt me whether we'll find any pass that will help us. So you had better prepare yourselves for a pull on the collar. And as may be we shall have to camp for the night you'll fill your water-bottles and bring food along with you."

"Aye, aye, sir," Gannett responded in a flat voice.

"There are eight of us, including Bora Bora, and we shall split into two parties," said Mr Deedwinnick. "I shall take charge of one, with Captain Babbage. Mr Maravin will be in charge of the second party. But both parties will have one and the same objective. And that, my lads, is—up there!" And he pointed to the saddle-back top of the mountain which, rising very clear and high above the treetops, sliced the skyline across as clean as a knife.

"As you know," he said, "I'm on the hunt for my son. And I want that summit. We can see the whole island from there, and search it through our glasses; aye, that's what I'm after. And the more of us who try to find a way up, my lads, the sooner, or so it seems to me, shall we discover one."

They were listening with deep attention. Now he spun round on his heel and stretched a lean finger toward the spout of fresh water that gushed from the heights and, after falling sheer down in a swelter

Continued in the last column

JACKO IN A TIGHT CORNER

ONE morning Jacko was busy digging potatoes when something suddenly whizzed past and made him jump.

"Got you that time!" shouted a voice; and as Jacko turned he saw Chimp and his cousin leaning over the wall.

"Come on!" they cried. "Let's play Hide and Seek."

"Not me!" retorted Jacko. "Chimp knows all the old poky holes too well."

"Bosh!" snorted Chimp. "You can find a new one any day. Scoot off! I'll give you five minutes," he added.

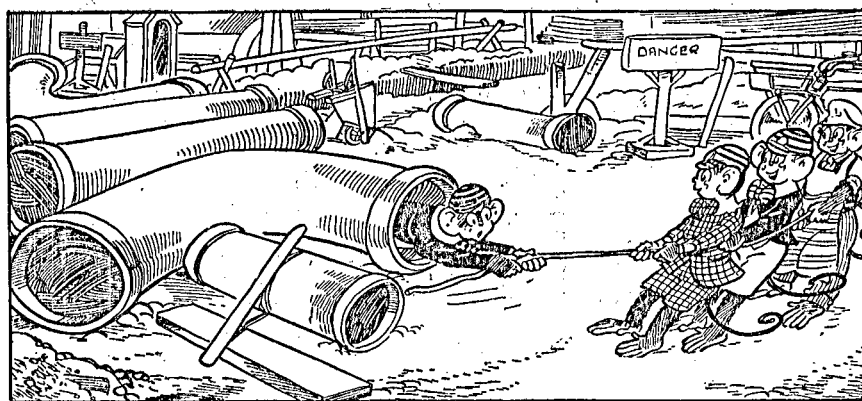
(they were bulging with apples) stopped him getting past it. To his horror he found that he was too jammed in to go forwards; and he couldn't get backwards either!

"Help!" he groaned, twisting and struggling his hardest.

And there he had to stay for what seemed like hours, till at last Chimp's whistle was heard.

"Hi!" shrieked Jacko frantically. "Get me out of this!"

Chimp stared round in amazement.



They all gave a mighty tug

Jacko scooted, but for the life of him he couldn't think of anywhere to dig himself in.

Suddenly he spotted a big pipe which some workmen had left lying in the road.

"Coo! That's the idea!" he chuckled. "Chimp won't find me in that if he looks for ages."

He crawled inside the pipe and started wriggling toward the other end.

But he hadn't noticed the bend in the middle till his bulging pockets

Then he caught sight of Jacko and burst out laughing. Off he ran to fetch his cousin, and soon they were back again with a rope.

"Now then, hang on!" shouted Chimp. "We'll soon have you out."

Jacko grabbed and held on, while a butcher boy jumped off his bicycle to join in the tussle.

A mighty tug followed, and then out rolled Jacko, feeling stiff and sore.

But he felt worse later when Father Jacko spotted his clothes!

of spray, collected to form the rill which supplied their stockade before rambling away and losing itself in the trees. "See! There's our guide!" he exclaimed. "Where that water comes leaping!"

His pointing finger switched next to the opposite spur. "And that's the road of Mr Maravin's men. But mark 'ee, my lads. We aim to meet on the top. The party reaching there first will fire its pistols, and then abide where it is till the other arrives. Now have I made myself plain? Then I give you ten minutes, my lads, to get yourselves ready."

But ere half that time had sped they had reassembled again, and Jim was wistfully watching them splashing across the stream toward the dark, brooding mountain.

Then he turned and saw the brigantine being towed out to sea, and presently he saw her hoisting her sails to take her part in the Squire's concerted action, before starting in a day or two for Tahiti with the news of their discovery of the island.

She was now to con the island's other side from the sea, then lie off until she had got into touch with the climbers, when, should she have found any beach or possible landing-place, she was to send in a boat and bring the two parties back that way.

It occurred to Jim that she might have cruised round before to take a look at the other side of their island, until he remembered that the Squire could scarcely have spared her, as every man had been needed to help in the building.

And after all, he reflected, they hadn't done so badly in four days! They had not only finished their fort but discovered the pearls. This time last week the island had been only hearsay. And now? Jim rested his eyes on the Union Jack. Aye, and now the island was fact; and its pearls were a fact; and Vacca was beaten; and nothing remained but plain sailing. This time last week was done with. This time six months? Why, they might be back in Polgelly, with Cap'n Ben on the poop of his galleon of Spain and Miles Maravin smoking his pipe in the Guadeloupe Inn.

Then Jim pricked up his ears. That was Merciful troling a song. Aye, there he went round the corner of the stockade with a couple of buckets in his one hand to fetch their fresh water.

TO BE CONTINUED

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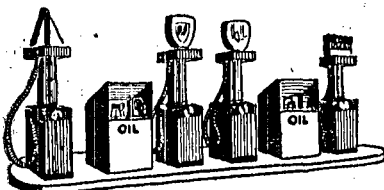
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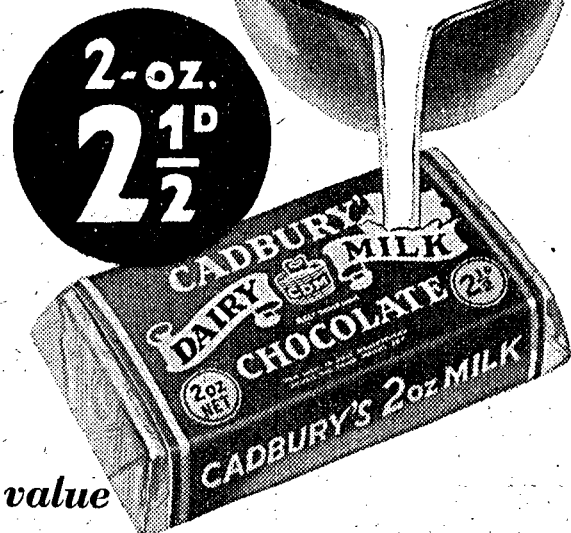
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February 4, 1933

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THE BRAN TUB

Puzzling Arithmetic

WHAT three numbers do I mean
Which placed together make
nineteen,
From which take the fourth of four
And there remains an even score?

Answer next week

Stamp Coins

JUST after the Great War many
European countries made use
of postage stamps as small change
on account of the shortage of
money. These stamps were en-
closed between a metal back and



a mica front. The resulting
stamp-coin is called a "jeton,"
and was first invented during the
American Civil War.

Our example from Denmark is
reproduced actual size.

All Change

IT is possible to give change for
a halfpenny in only one way:
with two farthings. Change for
a penny can be given in three
ways—two halfpennies, a half-
penny and two farthings, four
farthings. Change for a three-
penny-bit can be given in 16
ways; for a sixpence in 66 ways;
for a shilling in 402 ways; for a
florin in 3818 ways; for a half-
crown in 8709 ways; for a ten-
shilling note in 6,261,622 ways;
and for a pound note in
500,291,833 ways.

What Bird Is This?

IN the jerk but not in the pull,
In the hair but not in the wool,
In the chalk but not in the lime,
In the clock but not in the time,
In the edge but not in the brim,
In the gaunt but not in the grim,
In the sorrow but not in the grief,
Complete, it's a notorious thief.

Answer next week

Ici On Parle Français



Le four Une orchidée La paume
Le dîner cuit dans le four chaud.
Il a l'orchidée à sa boutonnière.
La paume est le creux de la main.

FIVE-MINUTE STORY

ONE night in India there
was a great stir in the
padre's bungalow. Paul, the
cat, was missing.

Ishmael, the bearer, or
head servant, rushed here and
there looking for the truant.

"What a day it has been!"
he muttered crossly into his
beard. "It started badly
enough with a tree-rat pluck-
ing the belt of the Miss Sahib's
dress off the line, and running
with it to the top of a mango
tree, and now the Sahib's
favourite pet is lost."

Ishmael called and called,
"Paul, Paul!" but there
was no answering miaow.

Then the padre himself
hastened to join in the hunt.
The compound was searched
from end to end, but there
was no sign of Paul.

Other Worlds Next Week

IN the morning the planet Venus
is in the South-East. In
the evening

Uranus is in the South-
West, and
Mars and
Jupiter are
in the South-
East later.
The picture
shows the
Moon as it may be seen at 10 p.m.
on Tuesday, February 7.

The Last Straw

A BIRD was looking for material
to line its nest, and after
searching round a farmyard
alighted on a hayrick that was
fifty yards from its nest. One by
one it pulled straws from the rick
and carried them to its nest, until
it had collected twenty.

When it came home with the
last straw how far had it flown
since drawing the first one from
the rick?

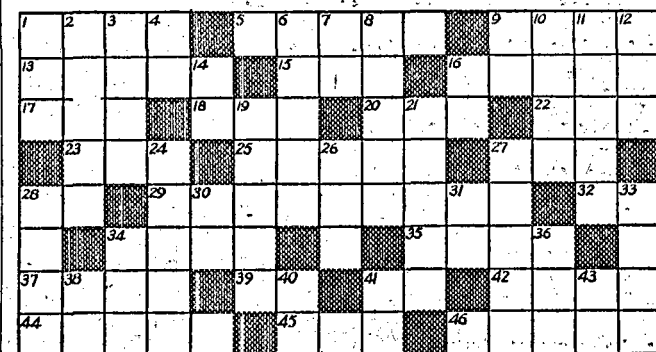
Answer next week

The Full Moon Clears the Sky

IT is a fact, never yet fully
explained, that when a Full
or nearly Full Moon rises the
clouds usually vanish from the
sky. This happening has been
noticed for centuries in many
countries, and there is a saying
current in France which means
"The Moon eats up the clouds."

The C.N. Cross Word Puzzle

THERE are 53 words or recognised abbreviations hidden in this
puzzle. Abbreviations are indicated by asterisks among the
clues below. The answer will appear next week.



Reading Across. 1. Fog. 5. A kind of hamper. 9. A land measure.
13. Scraps of news. 15. Organ of hearing. 16. Junction. 17. A high,
pointed rock. 18. To flow back. 20. Poisonous snake. 22. Part of foot.
23. Extinct bird of New Zealand. 25. To perform anew. 27. Place.
28. Exists. 29. A great whirlpool. 32. South Africa. 34. Large musical
instrument of brass. 35. Sour. 37. Grassy plains. 39. Accomplish.
41. Close to. 42. A melody. 44. A small live coal. 45. Recompense.
46. Large piece of linen.

Reading Down. 1. To strike. 2. Minute particles. 3. Nothing.
4. Printer's measure. 6. One who defies authority. 7. Automobile
Association. 8. A short treatise. 9. Indefinite article. 10. To summon
before a tribunal. 11. Foundations. 12. Compass point. 14. Selenium.*
16. On high. 19. The staff of life. 21. To wander. 24. To entertain.
26. Incombustible residue. 27. One who works in metals. 28. Land
surrounded by water. 30. Able-bodied seaman.* 31. Officer Command-
ing.* 33. Incite. 34. A strip of cloth. 36. Owing. 38. Same as 4 down.
40. Preposition. 41. To have a real state. 43. Compass point.

This fact is of importance to
gardeners in the spring, for they
may expect the keenest frosts at
night about the time of the Full
Moon. With the disappearance of
the clouds radiation of heat from
the Earth goes on briskly, and so
there will be a considerable drop in
the temperature.

Beheaded Word

WHEN whole, what sweetness
I exhaled!
Beheaded, numbers use me;
Put on my head and take my tail,
To dress but few refuse me.

Answer next week

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

Delayed By a Puncture

To walk all the way takes 5
hours, or 3½ hours too much.
But 35 minutes is one-sixth of
3½ hours, so the cyclist actually
walked one-sixth of the distance,
or 2½ miles.

An Enigma. An enigma.

Beheaded Word. Thaw, haw, awe

Two Houses. Smaller house cost
£500 and larger one £750, so the
builder lost £50.

Curious Arithmetic

Write down **W e i g h t**
O (nothing) add **f i g u r e**
two letters N and **c a n d l e**
E—result, ONE. **b u t t o n**
Divide none by **s h o v e l**
O—result, noone. **c o l o u r**

Dr. MERRYMAN

He Knew His Worth

UNCLE: Sorry I can't take you
into my office, old chap. I can't
afford any extra help just now.

Nephew: That's all right,
Uncle. I shouldn't be much help.

Back to the Land

JONES: Yes, I'm fed up with
town life, so I'm going to take
up the land.

Smith: Much?

Jones: Just a shovelful at a
time.

Towser's Turn



THERE are so many Donts that
a puppy must learn,
There never seems time for a Do;
But Missus is out, and I think it's
my turn—
I'll just have a go at this shoe.

Does It Work?

THE salesman in the market-
place had something very
special in combs.

"Just look at this flexible
comb," he cried. "You can bend
it this way, that way, or you can
twist it. It will bend double—"

"But can you comb your hair
with it?" asked a young listener.

A Great Hunter

A YOUNG bore was talking
loudly of his adventures.

"I've hunted in many parts
of the world—in Australia, in
Africa, India, America—"

"What had you lost, my lad?"
queried an old gentleman who
was trying to read his paper.

Trust to Luck

THE visitor to America was
riding in a taxi driven by a
Negro. The car was being driven
dangerously fast and the pas-
senger became nervous.

"Not so fast round the corners,
man," he shouted.

"Don't you worry, sah," re-
plied the driver. "Do what I
do when we come to the corners:
shut your eyes."

A CATTY TRICK

the bearer put the finishing
touches to the dinner table.
Undoubtedly it was good to
be back again, though life
in the jungle had its attrac-
tions, the greatest, perhaps,
being that in the jungle there
was no bearer!

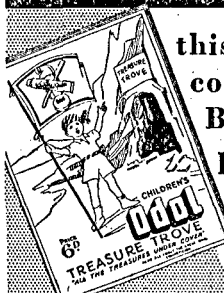
The guests arrived. The
dinner was excellent. The
bearer, resplendent in his
green tunic, brass buttons,
white choker and belt, waited
at table perfectly.

Paul got up on his feet.
As the bearer passed him,
carrying in one hand the
vegetable dish, in the other
a dishful of potatoes, Paul
made a pounce at his bare feet.

A shriek! and the potatoes
flew in all directions.

Paul's victory over the
bearer was complete!

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